

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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CHRISTMAS DAY AT THE HOWARD MISSION—HOME FOR LITTLE WANDERERS, NO. 37 NEW BOWERY, N. Y.—DISTRIBUTION OF PRESENTS TO THE CHILDREN.—SEE PAGE 259.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.  
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 12, 1867.

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The New Empire.

Is French intervention in Mexico was humiliating, that of the United States has proved to be ridiculous. The Minister Plenipotentiary, the Lieutenant-General and the ship Susquehanna have all gone back to New Orleans after having seen Vera Cruz from a distance. The pomp and circumstance of the expedition, concerning which Mr. Seward telegraphed twenty thousand dollars worth to Mr. Bigelow, is over, and the combined diplomatic and military commission reports that things in Mexico are "mixed!" a conclusion equally novel and important as a conclusion. We should be perfectly content with it, and would accept it as worth all the parade and cost, were there no incidental results unpleasant to us and damaging to Mexico.

Not pleasant to us, because we are made ridiculous. We made a great show of doing something and did nothing. We looked wise and deep, and made solemn affectations of being in earnest. But we really had no plan nor settled determination of any sort. The whole expedition was a gigantic sham of the State Department. Mr. Seward has long sought to make the American people and the world believe that the evacuation of Mexico by the French is the result of his far-seeing and able diplomacy. Yes, the man who was so thoroughly deceived as to write to Mr. Corwin, almost at the moment Maximilian was embarking for Vera Cruz, that the notion of a monarchy had never been entertained, or if entertained, was abandoned—this present statesman would have us believe that he has gained some sort of a triumph over the French Emperor, and is an American counterpart of the Prussian Bismarck. Notwithstanding the Emperor told him again and again that he intended to leave Mexico of his own good will, that the affair was none of the busy Secretary's business, and that he didn't want to be pestered about it, as the annoyance would do no good! Still the wordy statesman kept up his idle patter, and crammed the Atlantic cable with forcible-feeble dispatches. To crown all, he sent the late extraordinary mission to Mexico, to make a show of receiving the French surrender, and to accept the evacuation as did "the humble individual" lately the cheers addressed to Grant and Farragut.

Had the matter ended here, we might have looked a little sheepish for a while, but consoled ourselves with the reflection that we are not altogether such shams and humbugs as Mr. Seward would make us appear. But the expedition going out purposeless, and with instructions so vague and indefinite that it was impossible to act under them, did do, and has done, much mischief. The whole outward aspect of the expedition, coupled with the arrest of Ortega, was that of intervention on the part of the United States, to settle decisively

ly the political affairs of Mexico. Mr. Seward intended to have it so appear before the world. Now, if he had known anything of Spanish-America and Spanish-Americans, he would have known that if there is a country of which they are really jealous, which they most fear, and most cordially hate, it is the United States. All expressions of friendship toward us on their part, and all demonstrations of cordiality on their part, are made only under the pressure of danger from other directions, or in the hope of gaining objects purely selfish. All that the Reactionary, Church, or Monarchical party in Mexico really required was that Mr. Seward should make precisely his present blunder, and give a colorable pretext for appeal to the people of Mexico against American intervention—for, disguise it as we may, there is no intervention that is so much dreaded, or that would arouse such strenuous hostility. The honest Mexican is not so ignorant as not to know what American intervention means. He knows that when the Yankees shall go into the country a second time, they will go to stay. They will not go there to swagger about in red breeches, and chatter over absinthe in cafés, dying all the while for the day to come when they can leave *le sacré pays* and return to Paris, or to raw herrings and sauer-kraut, but will go with a purpose of making the country their own. They will go with intent to obtain the best estates, the richest mines, and, for that matter, of marrying the prettiest señoritas. The church, especially, knows what will be its fate should Americans obtain foothold in the land, and will spend the last dollar of its wealth to defeat any attempt at Americanization of the country, or any approach to American intervention.

And so it came to pass that the instant Mr. Campbell and Gen. Sherman sailed, and Mr. Seward pronounced in favor of Juarez, that instant the reaction set in, and the Empire became possible. Then for the first time was there a real Maximilian party created in Mexico. The fugitive Emperor was recalled, and the treasures of the church placed at his feet. Amid cries of "No American intervention," "Death to the Yankees!" the astonished Austrian found himself invested with a real power, such as French bayonets could never confer! Thanks to Mr. Seward, he has to-day a firmer foothold in Mexico than when he stood in the capitol under the folds of the tri-color and with Bazaine at his side! Thanks to Mr. Seward, who has driven every Mexican revolutionary chieftain to his support, by his pronouncements in favor of Juarez! The latter received a fatal stab when Mr. Seward espoused his cause. He has received all the odium of an American alliance, without gaining the substantial aid of American power. The Secretary has given all the Mexican factionists, calling themselves Liberal leaders, a pretext for abandoning the Liberal cause, and of going over to the monarchical side, as the sole alternative against being swallowed up by the omnivorous Yankees. There are few of these chieftains who would not prefer to strut about with a fancy-colored ribbon in their button-hole, as the token of Imperial favor, than wear the meek honors of the grandest republic! Miramon, Ortega, Marquez, Diaz, and a dozen more who have been fighting on one side or the other, will now rally around the tottering throne of Max, and they will touch the popular heart by a *grito* against the United States, as they could never have touched it by denunciations of France or Austria.

We shall not believe in the permanence of the Austriaco-Mexican Empire, even if reorganized as we anticipate it will be. It will not give peace to the country, but will be fruitful in new intrigues and struggles. For this prolongation of anarchy and postponement of the pacification of Mexico, Mr. Seward will be strictly responsible. If Juarez falls or flies, he will owe his immediate overthrow to the injudicious friendship of the State Department. If Maximilian finds himself once more in the Halls of Mexico, he will owe his restoration to the monstrous mistake of sending out a pompous but impotent expedition to rouse the prejudices of an ignorant people, and give to intriguers and demagogues "a cry." In such case we ask for the Secretary a grateful recognition. For instance, the title of *Prince de Soizante Jours*!

The truth is, simply, we ought to have interfered in Mexico not at all, or with Phil Sheridan at the head of 50,000 men, and then in time to have won Mexican gratitude, such as it is, and some glory, by driving out the Frenchmen.

Representative Men: Peabody—Stephens—Santa Anna.

THE actions of these personages have been more or less prominently before the public during the past autumn, and their presence on these shores is, moreover, a matter of interest in more respects than one. What attracts our attention is not alone the diversity of the interests of the people by whom each is honored, or the varied characters of the races with which each has

identified his name, but we see in these men the types of ideas which mark the age, and which, according to their developments, will work good or evil to our posterity.

Parallel lines never meet; and benevolence, demagogism and greedy ambition must each run their appointed course, as separate in their origins as in their ends. Contrasts, however, are more striking than analogies, and it is in the contrasts presented by the careers of Peabody, Stephens and Santa Anna that we see best reflected the typical characters of the men. The first is the standard Anglo-Saxon. Large head, warm heart; shrewd, upright and exact—almost exacting—in his business relations; of inflexible will; eagerly pursuing wealth, not for itself alone, but for the exalted uses to which that wealth may be devoted; with a charity as unbounded as the misery it seeks to relieve; earning by his deeds alike the veneration of a people with whom he is allied only by the ties of a common origin and the profound personal esteem of the most illustrious sovereign of her age; and thus it has come to pass that we, Americans, glory in George Peabody as the highest type of a Christian merchant and a Christian gentleman.

The second is a less strictly representative form of Celtic character. Ardent, impulsive, with great aims, but aims belonging to an age that is past. Unselfish, but utterly impractical, he devotes his life to obtain the political freedom of a race, but alleviates the actual distress of not one of its individuals. Seeking a questionable good by still more questionable means, he, in his zeal, is heedless, or forgetful of the enormous miseries which even a partial success of his schemes must bring upon thousands of innocent persons. Even if his race would accept him as their leader, he could not play the part of their Moses, because their Exodus goes on without thanks to him, and all that is left for him is to be a Jacobite without loyalty, or a Vendean without the excuse of persecution.

Contrast more nearly the deeds of these two whom we have called typical men. The one gives the fruit of his own industry to relieve the distresses of thousands who had no claim upon him beyond their common humanity; the other taxes the industry of others to compass the misery or death of multitudes who never saw, and certainly never injured him. The one, with a practical mind, seeing ignorance and destitution around him, seeks their cure or counterpoise by colleges, libraries and dwelling-houses for the poor; the other, in his enthusiasm and heated imagination seeing political wrongs inflicted on his race, tries to redress them by cruelty and additional wrong. Peace and industry with their unnumbered charms attend the one; spoliation, vengeance and the agonizing cries of thousands wait upon the other. The one appeals to the highest, the other to the lowest instincts of our nature. The one is the honor of his age and country, while the title that the other bears is not yet earned. We may say, however, that believing, as we do, in the ultimate triumph of good over evil, and in the power of our institutions to weld into one homogeneous whole the discordant elements that make up our population, we do not doubt that the misdirected energy, and the enthusiastic perversity of a large portion of our Irish citizens will in time be toned down by our sober, practical, Saxon common sense, and if Stephens were to fall a victim—not the first—to the contagion of these qualities, we should, for his sake, rejoice.

Such considerations as these cannot apply to the last character on our list, for we have no expectation that the lowest type of the Latin race can ever harmonize with ours; and it is of this Latin race that Santa Anna is the type. We have no desire to reproach him with the inconsistencies of his past career. Perhaps they are inseparable from the atmosphere of revolutions in which he has lived. In a country which has veered in the last forty years through all the points of the political compass, from absolutism to republicanism, words may have lost their significance. What we call honor may be there deemed cowardice. What we esteem as truth may there be regarded as imbecility, and what we despise as falsehood and dishonesty may be considered there as cardinal virtues. At least the experience of all who have had dealings with Mexican officials shows that they endeavor in these respects to emulate the vices of old Spain. The illustrious Mexican whose name we have associated with those of two very different men would consider it no compliment to have attributed to him the benevolence of the one, or the openness of the other. In his estimation they are probably fools, and we only follow the Christian charity of the first in not epitomizing his character by the epithet which, as the counterpart of the old adage, naturally suggests itself.

Tried by the standard of success, the virtues of the American rise pre-eminent. He has returned home full of honors, and his constituency is the United States, whose name is revered by thousands who, but for him, had remained ignorant, destitute and poor. The

other two are exiles, but without the dignity of misfortune. The one might have remained at home, and with his unquestionable talents have served the cause of his country by the means open to all men where a free press and free speech exist, as they do in Great Britain. The banishment of the other is consoled by the large fortune he carried away with him, and if he and his country are content with the bargain, we need express no concern. What the next turn of fortune's wheel may do for these twin-conspirators it is impossible to foresee; but of one thing we may be assured, that neither of them can advance the honor, dignity, and true interests of the United States one iota compared with what the truly great man, whose name we have for once joined with theirs, has already done.

The Atlantic Cable.

NOTHING can be more abject than the results of the Atlantic Telegraph, outside of the quotations of the price of "Five Twenties" in London and Frankfurt. To learn that it is by no means certain that the reported extensive burials of the fine breech-loaders in country churchyards in Ireland has a good foundation, or that an American war vessel has reached Lisbon, or that the Emperor may possibly go to a dinner that may possibly be given to Mr. Bigelow, is to belittle and degrade a medium grand in itself, and which ought to be consecrated to corresponding purposes. Whatever goes under two thousand miles of ocean at five dollars a word, ought to be commensurate not alone with the cost, but with the grandeur of the medium through which it is transmitted. Jove, who was a majestic god, albeit pagan, never hurled his bolts idly and without purpose. The Atlantic Cable should not speak unless it had something to say. The nervous system of Christendom should never be made to vibrate without a reason. And the men who control the electric wires that are soon to girdle the globe should be sure that they would be utilized intelligently.

A *résumé* of the President's Message was lately sent to Europe, and if there were ever a more befogged set of personages in all history than the European publicists, on the receipt thereof, history has failed to record their experiences. Now the cable should have sent the whole Message—which, as it was admirably short, was quite feasible—or its managers should have had its essence really extracted and faithfully forwarded; or else European journalism ought to have justified the support it receives from the public by itself giving to that public, *in extenso*, a document which, however unimportant in itself, is yet part of the history of the times, contributed by a man who, from his position, does much to make history. As the London *Spectator* truly observes: "If journalism had not lost much of its energy, the five thousand dollars necessary to send two thousand words would have been paid at once, and recovered by sale within three hours."

There must be—and the sooner the better—an International Bureau of News, with seats in both continents, in charge of intelligent men, who shall give the public what it is important to know, tersely generally, in epitome when possible, and *in extenso* when important. The world is ready to pay for this, and the combined American and European press owe it to a generous public to supply it. Otherwise, the Atlantic Cable will be either a snare or a nuisance—or, possibly, both.

DURING the recent workmen's demonstration in London, the "roughs" took possession of commanding points on the line of march, and plundered the participants in the procession without let or hindrance—more especially those who were in carriages. In numerous instances these were actually dragged out of the carriages and deliberately robbed. Imagine a gang of ruffians stationing themselves in Union Square and then intercepting an American procession! Things of this sort are only possible in London.

THE rise of wages so observable in this country and England, has, it appears, extended to France. M. Casimir Perier reports to the General Council of the department of the Aube that unskilled labor has risen to 75 cents a day, and that skilled laborers earn from \$1.50 to \$2 a day, where they earned 50 cents. He holds that the principal cause of the rise is the drift of a population now stationary toward the large towns; but the same rise is observed in Italy and India, and promises, we imagine, to be universal. It is the result, in part, of accidental causes, such as the one selected by M. Perier, but is much more easily connected with the rise in prices consequent on the over-production of the precious metals.

THE following proclamation of the so-called Emperor of Mexico, is commented on in another column:

"ORIHANA, DEC. 1.—MEXICANS: Circumstances of great magnitude relating to the welfare of our country, and which increase in strength by our domestic difficulties, have produced in our mind the conviction that we ought to reconsider the power confided to us. Our Council of Ministers by us convened, has given as their opinion that the welfare of Mexico still requires our presence at the head of affairs, and we have considered it our duty to concede to their request, announcing at the same time our intention to convocate a National



Congress on the most ample and liberal basis, where all political parties can participate; and this Congress shall decide whether the Empire shall continue in future, and, in case of assent, shall assist in framing the fundamental laws to consolidate the public institutions of the country. To obtain this result, our Councilors are at present engaged in devising the necessary means, and at the same time arrange matters in such a manner that all parties may assist in an arrangement on that basis.

"In the meantime, Mr. Grant, counting upon you all, without excluding any political class, we shall continue the work of regeneration with courage and constancy, having been placed in charge of your countrymen."

## TOWN GOSSIP.

The great interest of the past week has of course been the Christmas festivities. The day was so unusually mild that the traditional jollities about the roaring fire, the blazing yule log, and the warm shelter contrasting with the wintry black outside, were almost impossible this year. Most, however, of these associations with the day are simply transportations from the mother country, and have hardly the healthy strength of our own indigenous customs. The misdeeds and the holy mean nothing to Americans, since neither of them grows naturally here. The yule log can hardly be expected to form a portion of the childish memories of one whose life has been passed in rooms heated with stoves, or even with open coal fires.

But the general good feeling, the charity for each other's failings, and the increase of domestic harmony which the celebration of the day cannot but foster, is an improvement upon the coarse and boisterous festivities of the olden time.

Our issue of this week will be found to contain a reflex of the season, and may, we trust, be as influential as it has already been in prompting those to whom fortune has been bountiful to share their plenty with those for whom fortune has been blind. Lamb, in one of his studies upon the poor of London, speaks of the children of the poorest poor, whose playthings are cracker-shells, mud, bits of wood or stones, for they are too poor to have any toys. Hundreds of such little unfortunates have been made happy this Christmas in this city, and there can be no better charity.

The advent of Christmas week leads also always to the celebration of the New England Societies, and the reiteration of the thousand times re-told glorification of the Mayflower heroes. Of course this year, as every year, numerous persons were prominent who have no more connection with the Pilgrims than they have with the Apocrypha, but who are Yankees in spirit if not by birth. With all that has been said and written about the Pilgrims, they are not yet entirely understood, nor their just claims to reverence insisted on. Among all the early settlers of this country, they were the only associated band who paid their own way. Nor does the Yankee element of New England, using the word in its offensive sense, come from them. They were religious enthusiasts, but they never intruded either themselves or their opinions upon others. They came here for seclusion, and felt they had a right to maintain it; and though they attempted to make their government religious, still they laid the foundations of republicanism on this continent.

## Amusements in the City.

A notable, but by no means pleasant feature in city amusements for the week ending Wednesday, January 24, 1887, has been the close of Italian Opera at the Winter Garden, after a season scarcely so brilliant as the attractions deserved. At the matinee of Saturday, December 23d, "Faust" was very admirably given, the cast as usual, with the Mephistopheles of Signor Antonucci, who sings the rôle well, but looks the character badly. On Monday, the 24th, "Crispino" had its last repetition. On Wednesday "Un Ballo in Maschera" was given, with the debut of a Miss McCulloch as Amelia, affording much promise, and a charming appearance of Miss Hauck as Oscar. The season concluded with a brilliant "Barber of Seville" on Friday evening, the cast as before. The Winter Garden season demonstrates, we apprehend, that nowhere else than at the Academy, with its opportunities for fashionable display, can Italian Opera be given with full and continued success. Mr. Booth has continued his brilliant career at the Winter Garden on the alternate nights, besides giving matinees for various benevolences, including one on Monday for the Mission, and one on Thursday (with the opera) for Manager J. W. Lingard, of the burned New Bowery. The most noticeable of Mr. Booth's late renderings have been his admirable Petruchio and Ray Bas, splendidly supported in both characters by the Katharine and Queen of Madame Methuselah-Scheller. Mr. Booth, who all the while draws well, of course continues his round of performances. \* \* \* Mr. Watts Phillips' London success, the "Huguenot Captain," a drama, was produced at the Olympic on Christmas evening, superceding the "Master of Ravenswood." Many of the situations are very effective, and its opportunities for personal and scenic display are undeniable. The leading characters have been René de Pardillon, by Mr. Charles Barron (excellent), Locust, by Mr. Stoddard (admirable), Juanita, by Miss Kate Newton (very handsome), the Duchess, by Miss Harris (fair to middling), and Gabrielle, by Miss Carson (good). Manager Grover has placed this piece on the stage with much liberality and taste, and it should enjoy a lengthened run. \* \* \* At Niblo's the "Black Crook" has passed its hundredth night, and received the compliment of a new dress—what little was needed. \* \* \* "Cendrillon" remains the feature at the New York theatre, and proves, when examined, a somewhat stupid but showy undress version of "Cinderella." \* \* \* At the Broadway, Mr. John E. Owens has appeared successfully as Robin Shingle and the Live Indian, but has now changed to Josh Buttery, in Tom Taylor's "Victims," and to the leading part in a new local burlesque, called "Chloroform; or New York in 1887." \* \* \* At Wallick's the charming new comedy, "Ours," remains the feature and deserves to do so for an indefinite period. \* \* \* Madame Ristori was brilliantly received at the Theatre Francaise on Wednesday evening the 26th, as Elizabeth, and has since appeared to excellent houses as Deborah, Fédora, and Mary Stuart. Her present round closes with the current week. \* \* \* At the Museum the double attraction of Museum and Menagerie has continued; and the animal performances in the arena have been balanced by the appropriate comedies in the lecture-room—Major Jones's Christmas Present, and "Away with Melancholy." A "Leopard Child," by the way, is attracting considerable attention here. \* \* \* A very strange and notable performance, more odd than complete, took place at the Winter Garden on Saturday evening the 26th, in "Othello," with the Iago of Mr. Booth (English), the Othello of Mr. Boguenil Davison (German), the Desdemona of Madame Methuselah-Scheller (Anglo-German), and the Cassio of Mr. Gotthold (Anglo-German-English). Of course any other criticism would be hyper-criticism. \* \* \* Mr. Jerome Hopkins gave his third concert for the Orpheon Fund at Steinway Hall on Thursday evening the 27th; the grand oratorio of the "Messiah" was given at the same place on Christmas evening; and Madame Johanne, Herr Hilsenmann, Mr. Pattison and other artists gave a grand concert there on Saturday evening the 29th. \* \* \* No special new features have been presented at the New York Circus. \* \* \* Mr. Booth closed his Brooklyn performances with "Hamlet" on Friday evening the 28th.

## ART GOSSIP.

The Cadart collection of pictures in the Derby Galleries, to which we have already referred, is rich in sporting pictures. There are no less than sixteen of this class by J. A. Walker, who does not appear to be a member of the French Etching Club, however, by which association the pictures in this exhibition, generally, have been painted. None of these hunting-scenes have anything further to recommend them than

a certain appearance of truth to facts with which Mr. Walker has stamped them. Much better than these are two sporting pictures by Nieuwenhuys, in which there is character of expression combined with no small power in producing effects of atmosphere and truthful features of woodland passage. The street scenes of Noel, in the same collection, are worthy of more than a passing glance. They are drawn and painted with great force, the architectural masses, as well as the figures, evincing much careful study and true feeling.

R. J. Gray is now at work in his studio in the Tenth Street Building, upon several small genre subjects which promise well. One of these, which is nearly finished, is a composition of a pretty, little girl milking a cow. We were lately shown by the same artist, a charming idea already sketched by him on a small scale, for elaboration into a picture of larger size. It represents a little girl who has been feeding a couple of saucy chickens, one of which, become familiar to a disagreeable extent, has hopped on to the child's lap, causing her to assume a posture of defense. This little sketch is full of sweet color.

On a late visit paid by us to the new Somerville Gallery on Fifth Avenue, we looked in upon some of the artists who have located themselves upon the upper floor of the building. Granville Perkins is working assiduously upon two compositions of South American scenery, both of them promising well for strong contrasts and atmospheric effects. We also saw in his studio a dashing little sea-piece, showing Staten Island in the distance, and, nearer, a close-reefed boat lifted upon a towering wave—a picture not yet finished. Bateman, who has his studio next door, is putting the last touches to a large and cleverly painted landscape of Oregon scenery, showing the far-famed peak of Mount Hood in the distance. In the same building Jas. Hope is at work upon pictures of rock and river, and tangled woods—compositions or studies from the varied scenery of Vermont.

Whitridge has on his easel a picture of the craggy, bold scenery of the Rhine—a very striking composition, both as regards drawing and force.

La e European papers announce the death of Gavarni, an artist whose name has for many years been a household word wherever illustration of literature has found a foothold. His real name was Sulpice Paul Clévalier, and his age, at the date of his death, was sixty-five years. Gavarni was originally a designer of "fashion-plates;" nor was he the only French artist of note who made his debut in that somewhat humble branch of design. Among others we can name Compe Calix as one who has frequently devoted his pencil, and that within a few years past, to the "getting-up" of costumes for the belles and beaux of the gayest metropolis in Europe. It was in the *Chariot* that Gavarni achieved his first success as a delineator in the humorous vein of life and character in Paris. His first appearance in the *Chariot* was in the character of a society, rather than the contrary, and so it was that his *dames de lettres* and his *chiffonniers* had always more of nature about them than his "swells," whether masculine or feminine. While in London, some eighteen years ago, Gavarni contributed a few sketches to *Punch* and some of the other illustrated weeklies. There, also, he published a set of sketches, in slightly colored lithograph, of English character. In these, however, he was not successful. His English "exquisite" was always exquisitely Frenchy, and his British clodpole, London street boy, and such like, took their color too freely from the hand that had been so long used to jotting down the more picturesque bipeds offered to the pencil in French highways and by-ways.

## Christmas at the Howard Home for the Friendless.

ONE of the most interesting Christmas scenes has been represented by our Artist in this illustration. The Home for the Little Wanderers cannot be too highly commended. Its superintendent, Mr. Van Meter, has recently returned from England, where he found great interest was taken in the Mission by the Queen and many leading members of the aristocracy, who gave such tangible evidence of their sympathy as delighted Mr. Van Meter's charitable heart, and under his supervision, will be used to improve the condition of many more friendless little wanderers. It is a subject of sincere congratulation to ourselves that the illustrations we published some time ago of the Howard Mission had considerable influence in producing this result. Mr. Van Meter found the sheet of illustrations we published in last April framed and hung up in Windsor Castle and also in Buckingham Palace, the town and country residences of the Queen, as well as in many houses of the aristocracy. In fact, he found that FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER had prepared the way for him, and made known the admirably charitable character of the Howard Mission. Nor has the effect of our illustrations been confined to the other side of the ocean; they have called the attention of many of our charitable wealthy men of this city to this charity, and produced a golden harvest for it. But as the help of this kind can not be too abundant, we trust that our readers will remember, at this Christmas season, that they cannot do better than aid this judicious attempt to reclaim the vagrant children of the city from the poverty, and consequent vicious surroundings of their position.

## EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

## Domestic.

Now that the Bowers Theatre is burned down we find that it was always considered so unsafe, that it could not be insured. This fact will make the public more anxious concerning the actual facts with the Academy of Music, which has also been reported as in the same condition.

Public institutions devoted to art and science are largely on the increase. The new Art School at New Haven, Conn., has been completed. The Cornell School at Ithaca, N. Y., is progressing rapidly. The Honorable A. D. White has been selected for its President. The appointment could not have been better. Mr. White's career as a professor at Ann Harbor, and his discourse last summer before the Phi Beta Kappa at Yale, show that he comprehends the requirements and possibilities of an institution of this kind. Besides these, the Corcoran Temple of Art in Washington will probably be completed soon. The original "Greek Slave," by Powers, will be one of the treasures of this last. A new Library and Museum is to be erected in Springfield, Mass.

In the City Library of Philadelphia a manuscript volume has been found which consists of dispatches sent from the Privy Council of James I. to the Lord Deputy of Ireland. The volume was brought to this country by a retired Lord Chancellor in the time of William III., who fled suddenly to this country. It is stated that the volume is going to be returned. The question of ownership in such cases is as yet quite undecided. The rule prevails in France that all volumes belonging to public collections shall in all cases be returned when found, regardless of how they came into the hands of the last possessor. In England no such rule prevails, and books that belong to public institutions or to private collections, which have been bequeathed to the public, frequently occur for sale. In this country the subject has as yet hardly attracted any attention; but, with the constantly increasing taste for collections of all kinds, it will soon assume an importance.

The proprietors of three of the principal hotels in Boston have been fined for violating the liquor laws. They have not the same way of managing their law business of this kind that we have here. It would also seem from Dr. Dalton's report of the way of cleaning their streets, that Boston is not as well advanced as we are here in the intricate art of how not to do it. They are also agitating in that goodly city the idea of making their own gas, and thus getting it cheaper and better. But then what can we expect? Boston is always fanatical.

There is a Co-operative Trades-Union in Troy, N. Y., which has been in operation since 1864, and now has a variety store, a reading-room, and a foundry, this last valued at \$80,000, and all paid for.

A man named Casey, firing at some pigeons at Poughkeepsie, on the 19th of December, shot two of his companions, one of whom was killed on the spot.

The trial of Dr. Watson, of Richmond, for killing a negro, has been postponed.

A very remarkable event has occurred in New Jersey. A member of the Legislature has been convicted of taking a bribe, and has been sentenced to a year's imprisonment in Penitentiary, and declared to be incapable of holding any office in the future.

It is stated that the new opera of "Cinderella," now performing at the New York Theatre has a ballet in which shows more of the "naked truth" than the "Black Crook."

The baggage cars of the Chicago express was thrown from the track in Indiana, and Joseph Thomas, the American express messenger, was killed.

The trustees of the New York State Inebriate Asylum held a meeting at the Asylum on the 19th of December. The report was very gratifying. That eminent physician, Dr. Willard Parker, presided.

Recorder Hackett has, in his charge to the Grand Jury, called special attention to the insecurity of public buildings.

A fire broke out in Philadelphia on the 19th of December, which destroyed several large warehouses.

The Secretary of the Treasury, at Washington, has announced to the female clerks his intention of retaining their services.

According to a report just issued by a select committee of the Canadian House of Assembly the copper-bearing series on the north shore of Lake Huron extends over a surface of 2,000 square miles, and nearly the same extent of country on Lake Superior is endowed in the same manner. Iron is also found in considerable quantities.

## Foreign.

Lord Stafford, who recently entertained the Prince and Princess of Wales at Courtessy Hall, near Norwich, England, has addressed the following letter to the editor of a local newspaper: "A report being very prevalent crediting me with a legacy of £200,000, I will thank you to have the kindness to contradict it. No such good luck has befallen me, and I am afraid if I casually suffer the rumour to grow and be propagated, I may be expected to behave very much like a gentleman—that is, to pay three times its value for any article I may feel inclined to purchase."

The Faculty of Paris have just conferred the degree of "Bachelier-ès-Sciences" on a young lady, Mademoiselle Marie Brasset. In France there are several female Bachelors of Letters, but the present is only the second lady who has succeeded in passing an examination in science before the faculty. The first obtained her diploma about two years ago.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Daily News* says: "Lord Lytton, his brother, Sir Henry Bulwer; Mr. Pollard-Urquhart, M. P.; M. Drouyn de Lhuys, and M. Prevost-Paradol, were at Mrs. Bigelow's reception last evening. The new peer was almost mobbed by American ladies anxious to be introduced to the author of 'Pelham.'"

The production of postage-stamps, which in France only amounted in 1849 to 19,000,000, increased in 1865 to 414,000,000, and will reach 460,000,000 this year. England prints 800,000,000 annually.

One very important class in the Paris Exhibition series will be that which is to illustrate "the improvement of the physical and moral condition of the population." This class will comprehend seven subdivisions, an enumeration of which will give an idea of its nature and scope: "Materials and methods of infant education; books and materials for adult education; furniture, clothing and food, combining utility with cheapness; popular costumes of various countries; specimens of cheap, convenient and healthy houses; productions of all kinds manufactured by working men having their own shop and assisted only by their own family or one apprentice, together with the tools and methods employed by these little masters." It is easy to foresee that this will not be by any means the least interesting part of the Exhibition. Besides all this, the Imperial Commission have announced that they offer ten prizes of \$2,000 each "in favor of the persons, establishments or localities which, by a special organization or special institutions, have developed a spirit of harmony amongst all those co-operating in the same work, and have provided for the material, moral and intellectual well-being of the workmen." In other words, any tradesman or manufacturer who has striven to do the best for his "hands" as well as for himself, may become a competitor for one of these prizes. And, in order to reward any "person or establishment distinguished under this head by a very exceptional superiority," there is to be one grand prize of \$20,000.

The British Museum has bought the collection of archaeological curiosities belonging to the late Duke de Blacas. This collection has long enjoyed the reputation of being one of the richest in Europe. The purchase embraces also 179 folio copper-plates, engraved under the direction of the duke, from a selection of the finest objects in the British Museum. The text for these plates was prepared by Mr. De Witte, whose own collection, the most complete and unique of its kind, has lately been given by him to the Museum. It is hoped that the Museum will now continue the projected publication of the collection, in illustration of which the duke had the copper-plates engraved.

M. Lamartine has made another appeal to the public to buy his "Memoirs." It is said to be a man of Lamartine's standing degenerating in this way. He has met with misfortune, but it seems hardly dignified for a man, even if he is an author, to display his private affairs entirely to the public, particularly when they are the result of his own mismanagement. Lamartine was rich. In his early life he visited the Holy Land in his own steam-yacht, and lived at the rate of a millionaire. Now even his admirers must be tired of his constant appeals. They have bought his works, have bought tickets in his lotteries, and now are wanted to buy his "Memoirs." It is interesting to notice with how much more *bonhomie* Dumas the elder makes the public his confidant when in the same condition. Lamartine speaks like a ruined sentimentalist, Dumas like a rollicking good fellow; Lamartine whines, but Dumas laughs at his misfortune.

Mr. Stephen Austin's reminders of his publications of Oriental Literature is advertised in the English papers for sale at auction. Mr. Austin has for a long time been the Meccas of Oriental Literature. Among the lots offered will be 200 copies of the translation by Monier Williams of "Sakuntala," the most charming Hindoo poem which is illustrated with arabesques in the Persian style, printed in color, and is one of the finest typographical successes ever issued from the English press.

A letter from Seville in the Paris *Temps* gives an extraordinary account of a decree which the governor of that city is endeavoring to carry out, by which heavy fines are levied on all who say anything irreverent of the Virgin, or of sacred things, or of Catholic dogmas. According to the writer, English visitors are especially annoyed by this legislation. Some of the expressions which are prohibited are those, it is hinted, with which Englishmen are proverbially liberal. One day an Englishman passes the host and omits to kneel—he is fined. He passes a church or a cross and keeps on his hat—a fine. Already, it is stated, one Englishman refused obedience and, calling his fate to his aid, freed himself alike from the policeman, the fine and the lock-up. A Prussian, the other day, thinking of the laurels of his king, was guilty of disobedience, and claimed his nationality as a Prussian as a defense; but this seems to have been bad policy, for the fine in his case was doubled.

## ART, LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

MR. GEORGE PRABODY has given to Harvard College the sum of \$150,000 "for the foundation and maintenance of a Museum and Professorship of American Archaeology and Ethnology." Of this sum \$45,000 are to be invested as a fund, the income to be applied to the collection of antiquities relating to the early races of the American continent. The income of a like sum is set apart for the support of a Professor of American Archaeology and Ethnology in the University; and the remaining sum of \$60,000 is to be "invested and accumulated as a building fund until it shall amount to at least \$100,000, when it may be employed in the erection of a suitable fire-proof museum building, upon land to be given for that purpose, free of cost or rental, by the President and Fellows of Harvard College, the building, when completed, to become the property of the college, for the use of this trust, and none other."

SOME light on the nature and substance of comets, so long a profound mystery, begins to appear. An English astronomer recently read before the Royal Society an account of a spectrum analysis of the light of the comet discovered some time since by Mr. Tuttle, at Washington. The comet was an oval mass, having a small stellar nucleus. He states, as the result of his investigation, that this comet was self-luminous, and that, in common with some of the nebulae, its substance was in the condition of ignited gas. The comet, on the contrary, cannot be supposed to consist of incandescent solid matter; it shines by reflected light in the same way as clouds do under sunlight or moonlight. He is of opinion that cometary matter consists chiefly of nitrogen or of more elementary substances existing in nitrogen.

ONE of the interesting features of the Paris Exhibition will be the collection of periodical literature now in course of formation in England. Newspapers, magazines and pamphlets of all kinds are to be classified and exhibited; the issues of the year 1868 only to be included. A similar collection from the United States would be useful, if for no other purpose than that of comparison and suggestion. There is greater room for the improvement of periodical literature here than in England.

AMONG the articles discovered in the remains of the old lake dwellings in Switzerland are a variety of personal ornaments worn by the women. They consist of simple perforated stones, of pendants of serpentine and petrifications, such as ammonites, limbs of ceramites, corals of star-born and parti-colored stones, agate and glassy flint; necklaces of beads and beads' teeth, and back-combs of yew wood. One of the most remarkable objects found was a hair-pin with a large knob, several of which were stuck round the head so as to form a sort of crown. Some of the ornaments probably served as amulets also.

"ECCE HOMO" has reached its twelfth thousand in England, and the demand still continues. The author's name is Prof. Seeley, his likeness has been published and he is probably satisfied, for it is announced that his publishers have already paid him thirty thousand dollars.

PROFESSOR UNGER has been examining certain bricks from the Egyptian Pyramid of Daboud (3,400 B. C.). The bricks, which must have been made of the Nile mud or slime of the period, have been found to contain many vegetable and animal remains. By this discovery Professor Unger makes us acquainted with the wild and cultivated plants which were growing in the pyramid-building days; with fresh-water shells, fishes, remains of insects, and so forth, and swarms of organic bodies, which for the most part are represented without alteration in Egypt at the present time.

A HIGHLY interesting paper upon the geology of Mount Sinai was lately read before the Geological Society of London, by the Rev. W. Holland. Mr. Holland describes the physical features of the peninsula as being in the north an extensive plateau of Cretaceous limestone, bounded on the south and under-cut by a mountain-range composed of schists, porphyries, and syenite. Near Jabel Serbal is a mountain of Nummulitic limestone; and a limestone apparently of more recent date occurs near Tor and Ras Mohammed. The author further stated that in some parts of the peninsula the syenite mountains are capped by a considerable thickness of horizontal beds of sandstone, which are unaltered at their contact with the syenite. This sandstone formed the great mining district of the Egyptians in Sinai, and is now worked for turquoise, which appear to occur more or less in veins. Raised beaches were discovered by the author on the western side of the peninsula, at elevations of from twenty to thirty feet.

A CURIOUS, and it seems to us very improbable, theory of the origin of diamonds was put forward by M. Chancelier in an essay published in the French *Comptes Rendus* for June. The author tries to show in this that diamonds have been produced by an incomplete oxidation of the carbides of hydrogen, in pretty much the same fashion as the sulphur of the *Solfatara*, described by Professor Ansted, results from an incomplete oxidation of sulphuretted hydrogen, all of whose hydrogen is converted into water, while only a part of the sulphur is changed into sulphurous acid. It is by a similar process that petroleum has given rise to bitumen, and this again to graphite. "If then," says the author, "a mixture of hydrocarbon gases and vapor of water be submitted to slow oxidation, diamonds may possibly be obtained." It is even possible, he observes, that the tubes which convey common coal gas along the streets of Paris may contain such artificial diamonds in abundance.

THE Moon Committee of the British Association have issued a circular, calling attention to the fact that Herr Schmidt, of Athens, has observed, during the last two months, that the lunar crater, "Linné" on the Mare Serenitatis (11 degrees 32 minutes 28 seconds West longitude, and 27 degrees 47 minutes 18 seconds North latitude), has been observed. The importance of this observation comes out in its full force when we recollect that Schröter, in 1788 (November 6), recorded a dark spot in the place of "Linné," larger than the crater. Is it possible that in this observation we have an evidence of present activity?

We read in some of the Parisian papers that a project is on foot for building, hard by the Arc de Triomphe, a cathedral, on a scale no less than those of the Middle Ages. Which of us, or of our children, will live to see it finished; or who would care to see the Middle Ages projected into this century?



## The Pictorial Spirit of the European Illustrated Press.



VISIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA TO WOLVERHAMPTON—THE PROCESSION ESCORTING HER MAJESTY UP SNOW HILL.

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The English illustrated press is occupied almost entirely this week with the demonstration in

Hyde Park corner, the centre of fashionable London. Upon the arch which is shown partially in the picture, stands the bronze statue of the Duke of Wellington, and just opposite it is Apsey House, the residence given to the duke by the nation. Down across Green Park is



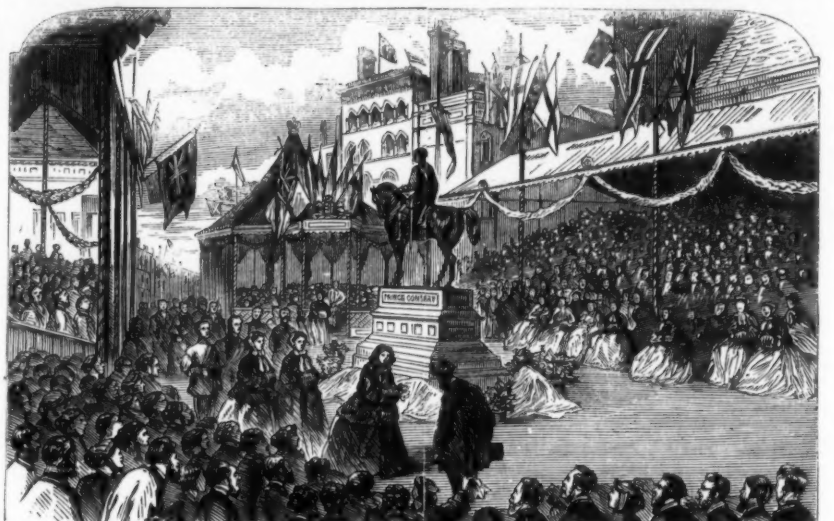
VISIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA TO WOLVERHAMPTON—TRIUMPHAL ARCH OF COAL AT THE RAILWAY STATION.

unfortunately rainy the whole day, but yet the entire route of the march was crowded with spectators, and the demonstration was quite successful. Englishmen are by necessity accustomed now to a drizzly fog, and do not mind it as we would. At the meeting held,

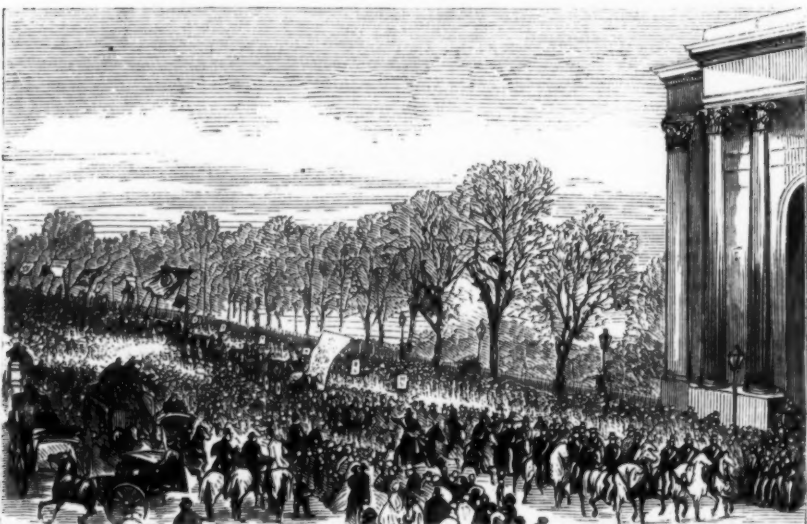
portion of the people." With such friends the republican spirit must be eventually successful in England. From the ceremonies of inauguration of the statue we have four pictures. First, the passage of the procession, soon after leaving the railroad station, under a



QUEEN VICTORIA KNIGHTING THE MAYOR OF WOLVERHAMPTON.



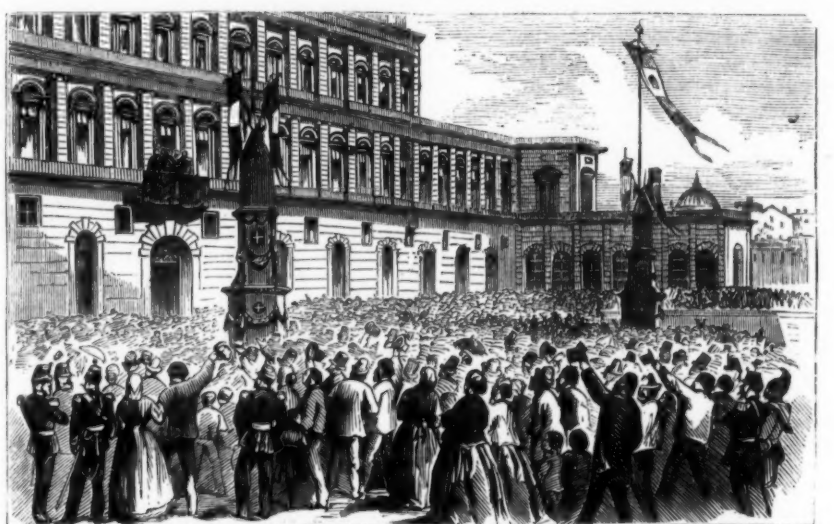
QUEEN VICTORIA AT THE UNVEILING OF THE STATUE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT AT WOLVERHAMPTON.



THE GREAT REFORM DEMONSTRATION IN LONDON—THE PROCESSION IN PICCADILLY PASSING THE GREEN PARK.

favor of Reform by the Trades' Unions, and the unveiling of the commemorative statue of Prince Albert at Wolverhampton. Our illustration of the first of these subjects represents the procession as it passes

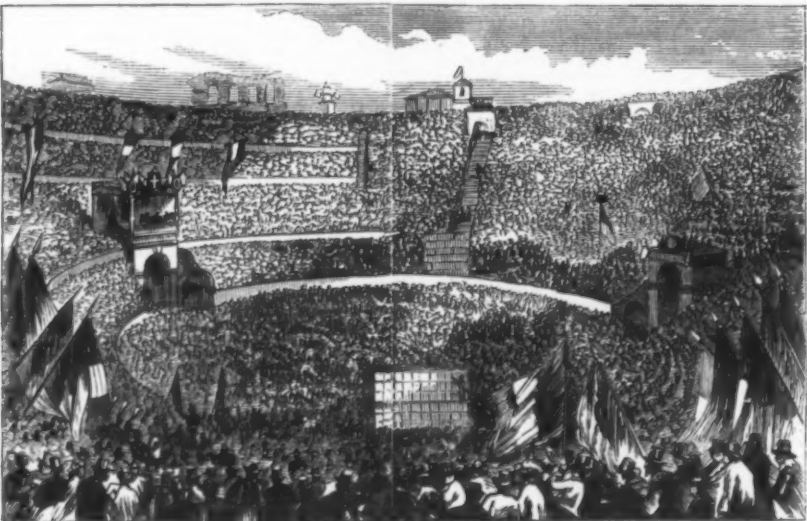
Buckingham Palace, with its spacious grounds, the town residence of the Queen. The police of London report that the procession numbered 23,000. Over fifty trades were represented in it. The weather was



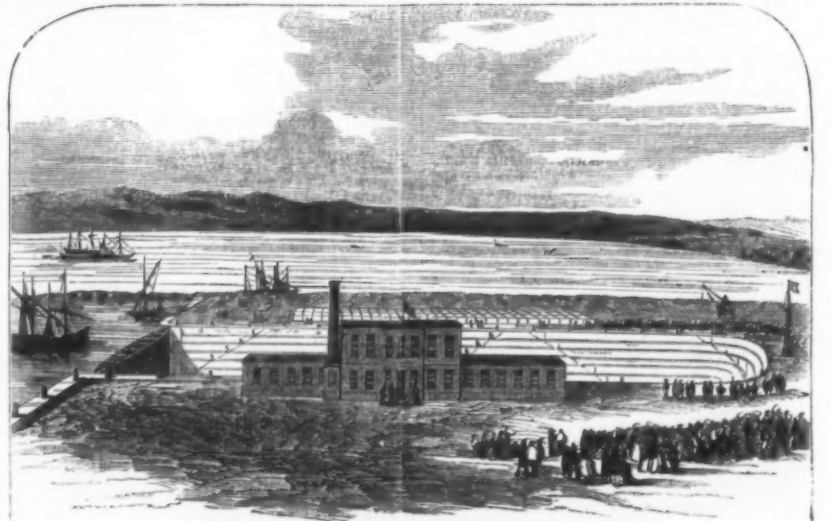
THE KING OF ITALY AT THE PITT PALACE, FLORENCE, WELCOMED ON HIS RETURN FROM VENICE.

after the procession, votes of thanks were passed to Gladstone, Bright, J. S. Mill, and other liberal members of Parliament, "especially to Mr. Bright for his constant and energetic advocacy of the unrepresented

triumphal arch of coal. There was a singular appropriateness in the use of this material, since Wolverhampton is one of the important manufacturing towns of England, and owes its success to the neighboring



FESTIVAL IN THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE AT VERONA, IN HONOR OF THE KING OF ITALY.



THE BASIN FOR THE SUZ CANAL, AT SUZ, EGYPT.





NEW YEAR'S BENEDICTION IN LOWER CANADA.—SEE PAGE 262.

coal-mines. The coal used for this arch was taken from the Round Oak Works, belonging to the Earl of Dudley, and was a portion of the ten-yard seam for which Staffordshire is so famous. Next we have the procession as it passes up the main street of Wolverhampton. Then the ceremony of knighting Sir J. Morris, the Mayor of Wolverhampton, which took place just before the unveiling of the statue; and, lastly, the Queen expressing to the artist, Mr. Thornycroft, her satisfaction at the result of his labors. Mr. Thornycroft has been commissioned by the Queen to make a series of equestrian statues of Prince Albert, and this one of the series, at the Queen's request, represents the prince in a military dress. The pedestal is of granite, with the legend, "Prince Consort," upon one side; upon the other, "Born 1819, died 1861;" and in front simply "Albert."

We also give a representation of the festival held in honor of the King of Italy and in celebration of the triumph of Italian freedom, which took place on the 19th of November in the old Roman amphitheatre at Verona. This building is in the centre of the city, and, though somewhat dilapidated, is the best preserved of such structures. It has 70 arches, being 8 less than those in the Coliseum, and measures outside 1,280 feet. The arena is 130 feet wide, with a circumference of 554 feet. In this building 70,000 to 80,000 of the newly-enfranchised citizens of the new Kingdom of Italy met to welcome their king. There was a concert and then a lottery. The tickets to the Italian lotteries are generally very cheap; on this occasion they were distributed gratis, under the direction of the Verona municipality. As can be seen in the illustration, the numbers are drawn from the wheel and then displayed to the people upon large placards.

Another of our illustrations represents the King of Italy received at the Pitti Palace in Florence, after his return from Venice.

The 11th of October, 1866, will remain a famous day in the annals of the City of Suez, and for the whole of Egypt. Upon that day one of the grandest works was inaugurated which Egypt has seen since the days of the Pharaohs. This was the basin for the canal, the work upon which has been actively in progress for the last three years. The basin has on its right the sands of the Desert, on its left the coast of Asia, and behind it the City of Suez. Cherif-Pasha, in the place of His Highness Ismail-Pasha, presided at the ceremonies of inauguration, aided by the Consuls of Italy, France and England, the contractor for the basin, M. Dussaud, and the members of the city government.

#### SAMUEL BULKLEY RUGGLES,

Whose public life and services have been so largely devoted to the City and State of New York, is a New Englander, by birth and descent. He was born at New Milford, in Litchfield County, Connecticut, on the 11th of April, 1800.

The family of Mr. Ruggles is of English origin. His paternal ancestor emigrated from Rugeley, in Staffordshire, to Roxbury, in Massachusetts, about the year 1640. Some of his descendants settled in Connecticut, among whom was the grandfather of Mr. Ruggles, who served in the army of the Revolution. His father, Philo Ruggles, born in 1765, was also in the army for a few months before the close of the war, but following the legal profession, was admitted, in 1793, to the Bar of Connecticut, where he practiced with distinction until 1804. He then removed with his son, the subject of the present sketch, then in early childhood, to Foughkeepsie, in the State of New York, principally practicing in the highest courts, in which he maintained an elevated and honorable rank, until his death in 1829.

In November, 1811, the son, in his twelfth year, entered the Sophomore Class at Yale College, where his father had been educated. He there pursued with avidity the study of physical science, under the eminent Professors Day and Silliman, and received his Bachelor's degree in September, 1814, in his fifteenth year.

On leaving college he pursued the study of law at Foughkeepsie under his father's direction for nearly seven years, and was admitted to the Bar in May, 1821. Removing to the city of New York, he there actively pursued his profession for ten years, mainly in the department of real estate. In 1831 having become possessed of a large body of land on and near the

"Bowery Hill," he devoted several years to its proper management, during which time he leveled nearly forty acres of the city, laying out at his own expense the "Gramercy Park," and also contributing largely to the opening and establishment of "Union Square," and to some extent the laying out of "Madison Square." He built the first nineteen of the houses on Union Square, in one of which he has ever since resided.

Mr. Ruggles has been from early manhood an advocate of the policy of De Witt Clinton, in support of whose administration he gave his first vote a few days after coming of age in 1821. By the year 1832 it had become evident that the highest interests of the city and, indeed, of the State and Nation, required the construction, without delay, of the direct line of railway, foreshadowed by Mr. Clinton in the "State Road," from the city to the great chain of lakes. As a director of the

Erie Railroad Company, incorporated in 1832, Mr. Ruggles entered warmly into the project, to which he devoted almost exclusively for several years his time and efforts, not only by numerous publications, but in frequent and extensive journeys through the interior. On the 3d of November, 1835, in conjunction with James Gore King, President of the Company, he commenced the actual construction of the work by depositing the first wheelbarrow load of earth in the embankment on the Delaware River at Deposit.

In November, 1837, he was elected to represent the city of New York in the State Legislature, and was placed at the head of the Committee of Ways and Means of the Assembly, in which capacity he made the Report, so long the subject of party conflict, in which he recommended the borrowing by the State of forty millions of dollars to be expended in improving the

canal system, which Mr. Clinton had so triumphantly called into being, and especially by enlarging the Erie Canal to three-fold its then capacity—pointing out the vast dormant resources of the agricultural interior beyond our State limits, then nearly undeveloped, and affirming their sufficiency to justify the use of the public credit, to meet the necessary expenditure. The measure having been adopted by the Legislature by large majorities, he was appointed in 1839, in the first year of the State administration of Governor Seward, one of the Canal Commissioners, and in 1840 was chosen President of the Board. Like Mr. Clinton, the first incumbent of that office, he served gratuitously.

From 1839 to 1842 he actively carried forward the enlargement of the Canals, but his views of progress becoming distasteful to a school of politicians which had gained political ascendancy in the Legislature, they removed him from office, as they had previously removed Mr. Clinton in 1824.

The services of Mr. Ruggles in the Assembly of 1838 were not confined to the public works. He largely devoted his efforts to the improvement of the defective and corrupting system of bank charters then existing, and personally drew the most important portions of the Free Banking Law allowing the voluntary association of individuals and with any amount of capital—a measure urgently needed to counteract or neutralize the overshadowing power of the former Bank of the United States, then chartered as a State institution by Pennsylvania. In 1839 he actively aided as one of the directors in establishing the Bank of Commerce in New York, and especially in preparing their articles of association. This General Banking Law of New York was soon copied by several other States, and served in fact in 1863 as the model, in nearly all its important particulars, for the existing General Banking Law of the United States.

Mr. Ruggles has been from the first an earnest advocate of the Croton Aqueduct, in contradistinction to other minor projects, and in 1834, when the final question of its construction was submitted to the popular vote of the city, zealously exerted himself with other friends in securing a majority in its favor. On the completion of the work in 1842 he was appointed by the city a member of the Croton Aqueduct Board, and in December of that year prepared their financial report, which was adopted by the City Government, by which the water-rents were irrevocably pledged to the payment of the debt then incurred, and under which it is now nearly extinguished.

The predominance of the anti-improvement feeling in the State and National Governments from 1842 to 1849 necessarily excluding Mr. Ruggles from public office, he visited Europe in 1845 and 1846, where he carefully studied its public works, ancient and modern. On his return to America, he became a director of the Panama Railway Company, then arduously struggling with the formidable difficulties on the Isthmus, and in December, 1849, prepared a memorial in behalf of the company to Congress.

For the sake of preventing the creation of any debt for enlarging the Erie Canal, the opponents of the progressive policy advocated by Mr. Ruggles, had succeeded in fastening on the State the Constitution of 1846, which would have delayed the work for at least twenty years. In the hope of effecting an amendment of that Constitution, he published, in 1849, a "Vindication of the Canal Policy of 1838," which was followed by the Message of Governor Washington Hunt, to the Legislature of 1851, recommending the amendment. After some intermediate legislative action, practically permitting the speedy resumption of the enlargement of the Canals, the proposed Amendment to the Constitution was formally submitted to the vote of the people of the State, and adopted by a majority of one hundred and twenty thousand, the vote being nearly three to one.

The improvement of the harbors and rivers of our widespread interior has always been regarded as a necessary portion of our national system of improvement. At the great River and Harbor Convention at Chicago, in 1847, Mr. Ruggles, with the late John C. Spencer



SAMUEL BULKLEY RUGGLES.—FROM A CRAYON SKETCH BY LAWRENCE.



were appointed to represent the State of New York in preparing the memorial to Congress, which earnestly urged the necessity of national action in the matter, and as earnestly deprecated the de-nationalizing policy, which had then found active supporters, of imposing local tonnage-duties by the States. In 1859, on the eve of the Presidential election, Mr. Ruggles delivered a speech in the city of New York on "The Right and the Duty of the American Union to Improve its Navigable Waters," which was extensively circulated through the United States.

In 1848, by the will of the late John Jacob Astor, a public library was established in the city of New York. Mr. Ruggles was one of the eleven trustees named by the testator. As Secretary of the Board, he has prepared for the last eighteen years its annual reports to the legislature, embracing matters of public interest.

In 1836 he was elected Trustee of Columbia College, and for more than thirty years has labored with his colleagues in extending its field of study, and especially in establishing its present flourishing Law School and School of Mines. He has also served for many years in the Diocesan and General Conventions of the Protestant Episcopal Church, of which he is a member. His speeches in those assemblies, on the value of the church as a conservative bond of national union, have been widely published. He has also actively urged not only the religious but the national importance of strengthening the ties of fraternity between the Church in the United States and the ancient Orthodox Church in Russia and the Eastern World.

In 1836 his early legal studies were called in requisition by a reference from the Supreme Court of New York, of the question of the right of property in a dead body by the next of kin, and the consequent right to protect its repose. His report seeking to restore the ancient custom, right, suspended during eleven centuries of ecclesiastical usurpation, was confirmed by the Court, and has since been favorably received by the highest courts in several of our sister States. In 1859 the authorities of Yale College conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws. In 1858, during a temporary depression in the revenues of the Erie Canal, when it was proposed to sell the work to a private company, Mr. Ruggles was again appointed Canal Commissioner, and in that capacity earnestly maintained the necessity of keeping this great channel of trade directly and forever subject to the authority of the State. He also prepared a memorial to the Canal Board to Congress, asking for the improvement by national authority of the harbors on the lakes. In 1862 he was commissioned by the State to memorialize Congress in favor of enlarging the locks of the Erie and Oswego Canals to admit the passage of vessels for national defense. On the defeat of the application, by a small majority, he attended the great Convention at Chicago, in 1863, where he urged upon the audience the peculiar importance of the animal food in our corn-growing States in swelling our national exports.

From the commencement of the Erie Railway in 1836, Mr. Ruggles has steadily maintained the necessity of one continuous line of railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In the act of Congress of 1862 granting the bonds of the United States for upward of sixty millions of dollars in aid of the railway from the River Missouri to the Pacific Ocean he was named as one of the Commissioners. At their first meeting at Chicago in September, 1862, he drew the resolutions affirming the Continental importance of the work.

In August, 1863, he was commissioned by President Lincoln to represent the United States at the International Statistical Congress at Berlin, then near at hand. His report made to that assembly on the resources of the United States was extensively circulated not only through this country, but in many of the nations of Europe, to show our pecuniary strength. In a further report to the Government, he stated the measures adopted by that International Congress, in which he actively participated, to unify the weights and measures and especially the coins of the world.

In 1864, his college class of 1814 held their semi-centennial meeting at New Haven, on which occasion he delivered an address on "The Past and the Present," reviewing the leading events in politics and science of the half-century. In the autumn of that year he vindicated the historical right of the American Union to preserve its territorial integrity, in a speech on the "English Heptarchy and the American Union."

From the earliest announcement of the proposed Universal Exposition at Paris in 1867, he has taken the liveliest interest in securing the due participation of the United States, and in an elaborate report to the Chamber of Commerce of New York, in February last, set forth its world-wide importance, and especially the favorable opportunity afforded by such a "concourse of nations" for recommending a common coin of uniform weight and fineness for the use of the civilized world.

In July last, soon after the passage of the act of Congress for participating in the Paris Exposition, he was appointed by the President and Senate one of the ten "Professional and Scientific Commissioners" to represent the United States at the Exposition, and in October was specially designated to co-operate with the Special Commissioners of other nations in the particular exhibition of their weights, measures and coins, and in the common effort to secure a uniform system.

The most recent public efforts of Mr. Ruggles have been his address at the banquet to Cyrus W. Field, in answer to a toast to the Nineteenth Century as characterized by its railways and telegraphs—and a subsequent speech in the Chamber of Commerce of New York, vindicating the freedom of ocean telegraphy from the claim to exclusive dominion recently set up by the British Government, and maintaining the necessity of immediate surveys by the navy of the United States, of the bed of the Atlantic for further telegraphic cables. This world-wide subject is now before the American Congress, and will very probably form a theme of discussion at the approaching conference of nations at Paris, who will be called upon "to emancipate the ocean from thralldom, pecuniary or political, now and forever."

#### New Year's Day in Lower Canada.

The French residents of Lower Canada, while they preserve many of the customs of France, have also some that are peculiar to themselves. As is customary in France, the first day of the year is devoted to paying and receiving visits. All business is suspended; and while the ladies stay at home, the gentlemen pass the time pretty much as it is passed here. Our illustration represents, however, a custom of peculiar interest. Early in the morning, each head of a family, having confessed and received absolution, gives his benediction to the other members of the family, who receive it, grouped about him, upon their knees. He then makes a few appropriate remarks, generally expressive of a hope that the coming year will be spent in harmony and affection; beseeching that any injudicious behavior of his own during the year past may be forgotten and forgiven, and promising the same for himself with those that are before him. A custom of this kind cannot be too warmly commended for its influence in promoting family unity.

An ingenious method for registering the electric earth-currents is now employed at the Greenwich Observatory, England. Paper sensitive to light is fastened round a cylinder of polished ebony, which with its axle and end, is made by clockwork to revolve once in the twenty-four hours. A ray of sunlight, which has passed through nephthos, shines through a hole in the lid of the box, upon the centre of the slowly-moving cylinder. Two wires, running the one to Croydon and the other to Dartford, are brought into this box, and connected with an astatic galvanometer. The one wire hangs as nearly as possible in the magnetic meridian, and the other at right angles to it. The earth-currents cause the needle to move, and thereby they photograph themselves on the sensitized paper. The photograph is effected by means of a small mirror, which is attached to the needle, and which, in moving with it, reflects a ray of light from side to side of the paper, and thus registers the intensity of the currents.

#### THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

Our double-page illustration of the Old Year and the New will, we are sure, meet with favor from our readers. Its allegory is expressed in the following verses:

##### Vivos Voco! Mortuos Plango.

Rise in the new! Ring out the old!  
Another year is added to the past;  
Its hopes, its fears—its joys, its tears,  
Are gathered now within the fold  
Where we must be at last.

Ring out the old! Ring in the new!  
Its tender infant life begins to-day,  
As clear and bright as though the night  
Were gone forever and it knew  
That life is only play.

#### "The Last Chronicle of Barset."

THE continuation of the "The Last Chronicle of Barset," by Anthony Trollope, is unfortunately deferred this week, in consequence of its non-arrival in the steamer. It will, if the ocean is propitious, arrive in time for next week.

## LADY INEZ; OR, THE PASSION FLOWER. AN AMERICAN ROMANCE.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.—SUNSET.

WHEN sunset came, when the Indians returned to the hut, they found that Eagle-heart was dead.

He lay with his glazed eyes still fixed upon the bits of glass and the other small matters he had grasped from Minahaba's dress as she fled, and black blood was still bubbling from his mouth.

The prisoner had fainted. With the inexplicable savagery of the Indians they had kept the men imprisoned in the hut through many hours quite without thought of attending to their wants.

How Alvarez passed the time, what apprehensions coursed through his brain during that terrible time, can never now be known—never, never.

The probability is that he feared the Indian would recognize, leap at, and kill him.

Probably he fainted when the death of the other released him from this danger.

Strange and horrible scene. Both men were brought to that condition by the mastery of love.

As one died, toying with the beads that had touched his mistress, so the other, fearing death every moment, sent a message to her for whose sake he was bound.

He had partly released one hand, and tearing down a strip of the bark which coated the inside of the hut, he had with the point of a porcupine quill, which formed a portion of his dress, written by means of lines of dots made with the point of this poor pen, and upon the soft, smooth inner surface of the bark, this message:

"Inez, I die loving thee."

This done, and fixing the bark in a fold of his dress, he waited for death.

It came not, for his anticipated executioner died before his very eyes.

Assuredly he suffered much for his past sins during that day.

Also he was very thirsty. A jug of water was near him, and with all his cleverness he could not reach it, and finally he overturned the vessel, in endeavoring to reach it with his strip of bark, and the water flowed from him, with the exception of one little rill, at which he lapped with his tongue.

The Indian dead, his fear took another form. Would the Indians spare him, now the man was dead? Would they give him a chance of life? Would they not torture him?

Like all high intellects, he was extremely sensitive to pain.

This was his dread, as he saw the dead face whiten after death, as he saw it once more darken when the sun was sinking.

All these particulars, however, are only conjured up, for he made no confession. The spilt water spoke for itself, and when they found him, his lips were dusty with the earth he had touched while lapping the water.

Senselessness mercifully released him after a time, and doubtless this relief from agony did much to restore the wonderful calmness and nerve which were habitual to him.

"We have thought over the test," said the Indian. "This leaf shall be placed upon your horse. If you hit it, you may vault into the saddle and ride away; if not, death!"

This was said some minutes after the discovery of the dead Eagle-heart.

He hits the leaf. He is one of the finest marksmen in Mexico.

He leaps to his horse as the Indians fall back. He is in the saddle.

When, with a swift swell of noises, he is surrounded by a number of the Mexican police, in the midst of which he sees Fairhoe.

He looks about him in despair, then, in defiance at the mercy he has raised up for himself—

"You love her purely," he says; "you reverence her, and you must love apart, for the Lady Passion-Flower is my wife."

### CHAPTER XXIX.—THE LADY PASSION-FLOWER'S HISTORY.

It will be remembered that the Lady Passion-Flower was relating the history of her life to Fairhoe and the captain, high up in the tower of the cathedral, when a noise on the stairs leading to the chamber, caused the history to be interrupted. The reader, however, now knows what was the final result of the guardianship of Inez, the Lady

Passion-Flower, exercised by Don Alvarez di Cernos.

He spoke truly to Fairhoe and those who accompanied that gentleman, when the Spaniard's arrest took place—she was his wife.

She found it cost her much pain to set the Englishman right upon this point, albeit her anxiety was much lessened by the presence of Captain Blayser, whose very appearance was that of a self-respecting father.

The effect of this communication upon Fairhoe was very terrible. He had not for one moment contemplated the probability of the idea that she might be married. For some moments he was quite incapable of speaking, but there was accusation in his eyes.

Here fell as he looked at her, for she knew quite well that he loved her, and she, a wife, had placed herself as it were in his very arms.

As for the poor captain, with his English notions of the proper, and his tender old heart fighting the one against the other, he could do nothing but try to recover his equanimity.

"I am aware," she continued, in a low voice, after an entire minute's silence, "I am quite aware that the whole of my conduct must appear in a most objectionable light to you both, for I know well the English character. But you must not forget that the incidents of my married life have not been English, nor have they occurred amongst English people. At least, and before you hear more of my story, believe that I have sought to live honestly and dutifully."

Fairhoe bowed. He was still too overpowered to trust himself to speak.

"We were married," she continued—"married, Gratitude, not love, prompted me to accept the Spaniard. My life was most unhappy. And yet if you asked me for any direct act on his part which could justify the dislike I found I experienced toward him, I should find great trouble in naming it. I suppose that all human beings are more or less swayed by an unknown something which impels them to love or hate, they being in neither case able to say why or wherefore."

Fairhoe sighed.

The Lady Passion-Flower continued:

"Gradually my dislike became hate. And yet he was never unkind; never had he spoken any angry word to me. He was gentle, even fatherly, was the very slave of my will—held to no choice of his own. He gave me no cause of complaint, yet I hated him."

"He was not liked, I must tell you, by those about him; perhaps this fact tended to increase my aversion from him."

"At last, one day, I learnt that my hatred was rising to so terrible a height that I found I was contemplating the one way out of my present life; I mean, of course, my death."

"Inez!" cried Fairhoe, in a low voice.

"These thoughts will cross the minds of the best of us, Mr. Fairhoe. But do not blush for me. When I found that I was longing for freedom either by the hope of his death, or the taking away of my own life, I knew that the time was come when danger stood near both of us. But I give you my word, gentlemen, not for one moment did I contemplate the thought of destroying him. His natural death was a thought which frequently haunted my mind, the conception of destroying him never once entered my brain, even when his very presence became a torture."

"Finally, I determined to tell him all, and one day I frankly told him that—I did not love him. 'I know it,' he replied, 'too well.' I admit to you that this very avowal made me dread and hate him the more. He knew of my aversion, and still continued to give all the evidence of tender love on his part. Pray mark, gentlemen, that in his relations with myself I never forgot that he was not liked by those immediately about him, to whom he could be harsh and stern when he thought fit."

"I know that you do not love me," he said, "and I must wait until you have the power to overcome your hate. In the meantime, let me offer you another shape of love, of which throughout your desolate life you have known nothing. I mean fraternal love—you have two brothers."

"This, gentlemen, was the prelude to my introduction to Don Gracioso and his brother, the gentlemen who are so very much alike. Don Alvarez must have convinced Gracioso and his brother beyond all doubt that I was their sister, and I, you may be sure, was only too delighted to find that there were those existing to whom I could give evidence of the love withering in my heart."

"From Don Gracioso I soon learnt that he and his brother had been brought up in a way almost as mysterious as my own early life had been. Their guardian was Don Alvarez, of course, and it is quite true that he had educated them most carefully."

"We three soon grew to love each other tenderly, but my dislike to Alvarez did not decrease, while no doubt you are prepared to hear that neither Gracioso nor his brother liked him. Neither would own that he hated him; but I am certain that they both dreaded him."

"Time went on."

"The relief and pleasure I found in the daily company of my brothers, as from that time to this I have always considered them, wore away after a time, and, indeed, I am afraid the peace and pleasure I found in their society only aggravated the distaste I felt for him."

"At last I could endure no more; and confiding all to my brothers, the delight we had felt in each other's society at once became marred by the terrible admission we made mutually, to the effect that we all dreaded and disliked the man to whom we all three owed our positions in the world. Unquestionably it was the sense of our deep ingratitude which, in a great measure, made our confessions, each to each, so bitter. We owed all to the man we could not love."

"Meanwhile he was gentle and kind to us, acting as a tender and indulgent father. Yet we did not love him."

"Why, or wherefore, neither of the three could tell. But we appear to have an inherited dread and hatred of the man."

"But let me continue:

"At last I told my brothers that the thought of self-destruction haunted me perpetually, and that I was convinced, if the conditions of my life were not speedily changed, I should, in a rash moment, seek that peace in the grave which I could not find on earth."

"This declaration alarmed them so utterly that at once they began to devise schemes for my escape. Their first idea was to appeal to Alvarez himself and ask for a separation between us, but we found we had not sufficient courage to make the demand. Have I told you that during this time my hair, which had been black, was becoming rapidly gray? This was the case."

"How an escape was ultimately effected I need not here, gentlemen, detail to you. Sufficient it is to say that I escaped from Europe; and, haunted by the belief that if I remained within a thousand miles of his presence he would find me, I gladly agreed to accompany my brothers here to Mexico, whither Gracioso wished to travel, owing to some information he had received concerning a silver-mine, the locality of which was in the safe-keeping of a tribe of Indians, whose chief sought the aid of white men to facilitate the working of this mine, and the turning of it to account."

"Here, then, we came, and here we found ourselves very poor; for what money my brothers had was almost wholly absorbed in the purchase of certain mining machinery. But I had learnt, while at the nunnery, to make lace, made quantities during the voyage, and I may tell you I succeeded quite beyond my expectations. The old servant who fled with us found a woman quite eager to purchase my lace at a very liberal price—she keeps a shop near the piazza—and by this means I was enabled to live calmly and quietly in the walled house, whence I came but last evening to pray. It is not two days since I learnt that he was here, and then I was panic-stricken. He had found me out. I saw him. In spite of all our caution, he had discovered me. He had tracked me across the pathless ocean; I had taken innumerable precautions to avoid identification. When my brothers and I met in the streets of Mexico we never spoke. They have come to my house in various disguises, that spies might be thrown off their watchfulness, if set to work with the idea of identifying me by being found in company with my brothers; and despite all—despite my veiled face, my loneliness, my namelessness, he has found me out. How he has effected this victory I shall never know; sufficient for me it has been to learn that he has hunted me down."

"Then it was, señor," the Lady Passion-Flower continued, "that I appealed to you, now two sunsets past. I had, of course, noted the kind interest you had taken in me, my duenna had made inquiries, and I learnt that you and your companions were yachtsmen up at Mexico from Vera Cruz. In despair, and quite alone in that despair, for my brothers were far away, devoting themselves to the discovery of the silver-mine, which we had agreed was to make our fortunes, I flung myself upon your generosity. I hoped your yacht would once more save me from the man who is my natural protector, and before whom I prefer death infinitely."

"The events of this evening prove, Mr. Fairhoe, how just has always been my estimate of my husband."

"His tenderness for me could not blind me to his real character—that of a bad, heartless, merciless man, tormented by a love for me, which in itself was a deep shape of selfishness. That he had by some means learnt my plan of escape in your yacht, or guessed at it, is very certain, as certain as his intention to kill you. Fortunately, you are, so far, safe. I pray heaven your championship of me may lead you into no further danger."

"I pray heaven it may, lady, if thereby you shall be benefited," he returned, "dear sister."

"Sister?" she said, the word sounding almost as an echo.

"Yes," Fairhoe replied, in a grave voice. "You have a couple of brothers—why not a third?"

"Why not, indeed," she replied, giving him her hand.

There were tears in the eyes of both, and, indeed, the eyes of Captain Blayser were by no means as dry as that mariner's general remarks.

"Hark!" says he, suddenly, "this time 'tain't no false alarm. There's a step on the stairs."

All three, with the memory of the lady's words strong upon their minds and the recollections of the attempt at assassination still fresh, listened with drawn breath.

It was the old priest who had saved them, carrying a large basket with some difficulty, which burden was fortunately very tightly fixed upon his arm, or it would have fallen to the ground as his good old eyes fell upon the captain.

"How d'ye do, sir?" says Blayser, big with the intention of impressing upon the priest, who had panted up the stairs with plentiful provisions for two—that he was no ghost. "Hope you're well, father," he adds.

"Blessed St. Jaime," cries the priest, "or the demon or guardian angels helped thee."

"Nay, father," says the captain, "twas eight fingers and two thumbs."

### CHAPTER XL.—THAT NIGHT AND NEXT DAY.

A VERY pleasant party the four made at the top of the cathedral tower, the old father smoking a cigarette with all the aimability in the world, and chatting without once coming the minister—a blessed arrangement which we recommend to fathers of all faiths, when the column in the earth is in that position which informs fathers, sons, and brothers that it is time for rest and refreshment and an end to preaching.

When the good old fellow left Fairhoe and the



captain aloft for the night, with strict orders to bar the door, talking away to the Lady Passion-Flower to the bottom of the stair-case, where the old priest's housekeeper was waiting for the lady's coming and crossing herself at the sight of every ugly shadow, it was understood that on the following day an application would be made to the authorities, with the full intention of compelling Don Alvarez to act on the defensive.

Whatever authority Alvarez had exerted over the priest by virtue of an office held from a secret society, the priest had found means of defying it. In the earlier chapters of this tale he has been seen terrified by the mere exhibition of a sign. Now he is to be noted, defiant, combative, and with a countenance all the happier for the great honesty of his purpose.

The night crept past, and the day, which was to be one of liberation for most of the characters in this poor tale, rose bright and glorious.

Of the events of that day our readers have learnt the history of many. They knew that Eagle-heart, putting the question of life or death of Gracioso to the decision of chance, had lost all hope, crept into his hut, and there died face to face with his tempter, but not until he had confessed all to Minahaha.

She, learning by his words how false was the man she had exalted and loved—the Spaniard Don Alvarez—learning that he was liar, murderer, demon, she fled, remorse in her heart, confession upon her lips.

Reaching the city as the reader knows, in a wild, half-poetic way she knelt upon the threshold of the police station, and placed herself in the power of the authorities.

Swiftly, undeviatingly the accusations settled around Don Alvarez. She told of the watch she had set about the Lady Passion-Flower, she told of the serpent; and when the dead reptile was shown her she recognized it.

Then before the day was two hours older came the flower-boy, who, speaking English, had attracted Fairhoe's attention.

Watching his master, as this latter had taught him to watch others, he saw the attempt to assassinate in the church. Then he heard the history of the serpent, as it spread through the city; and so he came with his confession of the attempt to poison the lemonade.

Brought up to be blindly obedient; brought up by one of those secret societies in which obedience only is the quality inculcated, and which are one of the curses of society, the boy had suddenly, abruptly learnt that he was a mere instrument, his brain but the machine of others.

Then the singular influence exerted over him by Fairhoe bore fruit; and self-esteem and human tenderness taking possession of the boy, and with a keen horror of the scene he had witnessed on the previous evening, he came humbly to admit his share of the guilt, the aim of which had been the destruction of the Englishman for showing an interest in the Lady Passion-Flower.

When all was ended, it became evident beyond all doubt that Don Alvarez had actually come out to Mexico in the very ship which had borne Inez and her brothers across the Atlantic; and so admirably had he played his tragedy that not once was he seen during the entire voyage by either of the three.

He had watched over her, waiting for the time when he might compel her to love him; and the Englishman standing in his way, in a moment the wretched man decided upon sweeping Fairhoe from his path.

And before the day was old, the information given by Captain Blayser in reference to the attempt to scuttle the good yacht, "The Grace," together with the evidence he had deposited in the shape of the rag of scarf which had been torn from the miscreant's scarf by a rough edge or fracture of the copper facing the vessel, had led to the arrest of a notorious bravo of the city, whose scarf upon examination accused him beyond all denial, for the piece produced by Captain Blayser fitted one corner of the ragged scarf to a thread.

Under the weight of this evidence, the wretched man confessed the plot, with one whom he said he should know again, to scuttle the ship, to assassinate the Englishman.

So the evidence was crushing.

The false flower-boy admitted the attempt to poison.

The poor Indian confessed to the venomous serpent.

The bravo to the third attempt to kill.

That same day, and as the sun passed its meridian, Fairhoe and his companion, together with a group of policemen under Minahaha's command, set forth to seize him.

How he fell, the reader knows.

While he stood he was defiant.

But with the words, "the Lad Passion-Flower is my wife," he fell, as though lightning-blazed, to the ground.

"Was—was my wife," he added, and fell forward upon his face, hiding his face from those who looked upon him with both his outstretched hands.

#### CHAPTER XII.—END.

There is little more to tell—very little more to tell.

Some of us are bad, some very bad. Many amongst men sin without the instigation of love; a few sin gilded with the tenderness of adoration.

Of these latter the unhappy Alvarez was one. Murderer, destroyer, as he lived, selfish, cruel, sensual, merciless, at least he could offer the palliation of his love and devotion to his wife Inez, the Lady Passion-Flower.

However harsh and monstrous he had been to all the world beside he was her slave.

She fled from him, and he knew whither, but he claimed no husband's rights.

He follows, and he watches over her, never once showing himself, never once endeavoring to gain an advantage by proof of all he does for her.



MR. CAUDLE LENDS FIVE POUNDS TO A FRIEND.

It was he who established the lace shop that she might have the means of living, and he had employed the Indian Minahaha to watch her, and bring him news of the lady's life, that he himself might live by listening to the narrative of how she passed the day.

It was that he might see her without recognition he adopted the Indian costume.

And when he fell, he dropped to the ground, not because he was hunted down, but because he had lost her.

"Was my wife," he said, looking upon himself as already passed away.

Hiding the light from his face he remained upon the ground for some time, his despair despairing.

Suddenly there was a trembling of the whole figure, and then they saw his face.

Death was upon his countenance. From such a fall as he experienced only death could relieve him.

As they stood near him, but yet some steps away, for intuitively all knew that he was dying, they marked him pick up a switch, a cutting from some neighboring tree, and with this he began drawing lines upon the ground.

"He is forming a map," said one; "perhaps he has hidden treasure."

Poor creature! he was tracing the map of his life, the Lady Passion-Flower. As for treasure, he had none but her.

It was Don Gracioso, who stealing forward, read the word Inez, scratched upon the ground.

They had to wait but little before the end came.

"Inez," he whispered, softly, and fell forward so that his lips touched the name he had written.

The wretched man's proud heart had broken, and when they raised him the name upon the ground was crimson.

So he died; his sin redeemed somewhat by his love, if we read rightly the sweetest words of pity ever uttered.

Dead, with love unquenched to the last—dead, and now utterly alone.

#### CHAPTER XIII.—AND LAST.

TRUTH is so very much stranger than fiction that really we hesitate to tell the reader that the bravo, hired by Alvarez to scuttle the ship, led to the discovery on Fairhoe's part that the boy who had attempted to poison him, acting under the orders of Alvarez, was actually the son of his sister, to whom he has referred in the course of this tale as lost.

The discovery was the result of the examination of that assassin. Upon him was found the half of a silver coin, which he admitted having stolen from the dead body of the man who, years before, had been found dead, lying with his face upon a certain white marble table.

Fairhoe had reason to be convinced that this unhappy, murdered man, was the husband of his sister, while the boy, the slave of Alvarez, produced the other half of the coin, declaring it to have been placed in his hands almost beyond the date back to which his memory drifted. The boy, then, was his nephew, and it was the discovery of this relationship which led the lad to divulge all he knew of Alvarez; and he admitted that the dead man was the chief of a vengeance band which had agents throughout the world. Death was the penalty of either betrayal or disobedience. Many good men belonged to the society, induced to become members from a belief that it was an honorable association, and many had consequently suffered.

Fairhoe and his friends came to the conclusion that some members even of the charitable order of Valled Brethren belonged to this secret society, while it is quite beyond question that the priest attached to the cathedral was one of the body. Three days from the death of Alvarez that unhappy gentleman was found murdered in his bed. And now, what is there to say more?

The reader knows quite as well as we do that Fairhoe married Inez, the Lady Passion-Flower, that St. Asaph called Dolores wife; that Harrildson married Cousin Sabel, so what is the use of informing readers on the point?

Perhaps, however, they would like to hear of Cap'n Blayser in a new character—that of a spy, listening to Don Gracioso talking dolefully to his dog, and telling him that they would soon be alone, for they must know nothing about women.

The cap'n immediately assumed a new character in the shape of a matrimonial agent, for by his means Don Gracioso was brought to England and married off to a daughter of one of the cap'n's friends.

Let us see, is there anything more to say?

Yes.

The ugly yacht-boy, disgusted at the flood of women into the yacht, deserted.

"Amen," said Captain Blayser.

And Minahaha?

Patient, and aged before her time, she waits her release, and meanwhile she does what good she can amongst the members of the tribe into which she was born. She never smiles, but there is all ways a tender look upon her face. She knows the force of the poet's words—"Tis better to have loved and lost than never have loved at all."

THE END.

#### MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

THE FIRST LECTURE.—MR. CAUDLE HAS LENT FIVE POUNDS TO A FRIEND.

"You ought to be very rich, Mr. Caudle. I wonder who'd lend you five pounds? But so it is: a wife may work and may slave! Ha, dear! the many things that might have been done with five pounds. As if people picked up money in the street! But you always were a fool, Mr. Caudle! I've wanted a black satin gown these three years, and that five pounds would have entirely bought it. But it's no matter how I go—not at all. Everybody says I don't dress as becomes your wife—and I don't; but what's that to you, Mr. Caudle? Nothing. Oh, no! you can have fine feelings for everybody but those belonging to you. I wish people knew you, as I do—that's all. You like to be called liberal—and your poor family pays for it."

"All the girls want bonnets, and where they're to come from I can't tell. Half five pounds would have bought 'em—but now they must go without. Of course, they belong to you; and anybody but your own flesh and blood, Mr. Caudle!"

"The man called for the water-rate to-day; but I should like to know how people are to pay taxes, who throw away five pounds to every fellow that asks them?"

"Perhaps you don't know that Jack, this morning, knocked his shuttle-cock through his bedroom window. I was going to send for the glazier to mend it; but after you lent that five pounds I was sure we couldn't afford it. Oh, no! the window must go as it is; and pretty weather for a dear child to sleep with a broken window. He's got a cold already on his lungs, and I shouldn't at all wonder if that broken window settled him. If the dear boy dies, his death will be upon his father's head; for I'm sure we can't now pay to mend windows. We might though, and do a good many more things, too, if people didn't throw away their five pounds."

"Next Tuesday the fire-insurance is due. I should like to know how it's to be paid? Why, it can't be paid at all! That five pounds would have more than done it—and now, insurance is out of the question. And there never were so many fires as there are now. I shall never close my eyes all night—but what's that to you, so people can call you liberal, Mr. Caudle? Your wife and children may all be burnt alive in their beds—as all of us to a certainty shall be, for the insurance must drop. And after we've insured for so many years! But how, I should like to know, are people to insure who make ducks and drakes of their five pounds?"

"I did think we might go to Margate this summer. There's poor little Caroline, I'm sure she wants the sea. But no, dear creature! she must stop at home—all of us must stop at home—she'll go into a consumption, there's no doubt of that; yes—sweet little angel!—I've made up my mind to lose her now. The child might have been

saved; but people can't save their children and throw away their five pounds too.

"I wonder where poor little Mopsy is? While you were lending that five pounds, the dog ran out of the shop. You know, I never let it go into the street, for fear it should be bit by some mad dog, and come home and bite all the children. It wouldn't now at all astonish me if the animal was to come back with the hydrophobia, and give it to all the family. However, what's your family to you, so you can play the liberal creature with five pounds?"

"Do you hear that shutter, how it's banging to and fro? Yes—I know what it wants as well as you; it wants a new fastening. I was going to send for the blacksmith to-day, but now it's out of the question; now it must bang of nights, since you've thrown away five pounds."

"Ha! there's the soot falling down the chimney. If I hate the smell of anything, it's the smell of soot. And you know it; but what are my feelings to you? Sweep the chimney! Yes, it's all very fine to say, sweep the chimney—but how are chimneys to be swept—how are they to be paid for by people who don't take care of their five pounds?"

"Do you hear the mice running about the room? I hear them. If they were to drag only you out of bed, it would be no matter. Set a trap for them! Yes, it's easy enough to say—set a trap for 'em. But how are people to afford mouse-traps, when every day they lose five pounds?"

"Hark! I'm sure there's a noise down-stairs. It wouldn't at all surprise me if there were thieves in the house. Well, it may be the cat; but thieves are pretty sure to come in some night. There's a wretched fastening to the back-door; but these are not times to afford bolts and bars, when people won't take care of their five pounds."

"Mary Anne ought to have gone to the dentist's to-morrow. She wants three teeth taken out. Now, it can't be done. Three teeth that quite disfigure the child's mouth. But there they must stop, and spoil the sweetest face that was ever made. Otherwise, she'd have been a wife for a lord. Now, when she grows up, who'll have her? Nobody. We shall die, and leave her alone and unprotected in the world. But what do you care for that? Nothing; so you can squander away five pounds."

"And thus," comments Caudle, "according to my wife, she—dear soul!—couldn't have a satin gown—the girls couldn't have new bonnets—the water-rate must stand over—Jack must get his death through a broken window—our fire-insurance couldn't be paid, so that we should all fall victims to the devouring element—we couldn't go to Margate, and Caroline would go to an early grave—the dog would come home and bite us all mad—the shutter would go banging for ever—the soot would always fall—the mice never let us have a wink of sleep—thieves be always breaking in the house—our dear Mary Anne be for ever left an unprotected maid—and with other evils falling upon us, all, all because I would go on lending five pounds!"

#### RAILROADS IN WAR.

GENERAL M'CALLUM, who, during the war of the Rebellion, had charge of the railroad service of the armies, has furnished a report which contains many curious things. He commenced his labors in February, 1862, at which time the only railroad held by the United States for military purposes, was that which extended from Washington to Alexandria, and was seven miles long. From this small beginning the railroad service of the army increased until it became a prodigious affair. When the war was ended General M'Callum's department had seized and built over 2,000 miles of railroad and operated them with the necessary engines, cars, engineers and assistants. They had built so many bridges that, if they had been placed in connection, they would have extended twenty-six miles. Some of these bridges were wonderful constructions and built with surprising swiftness. The great bridge on the Chatahochee was 750 feet long and 92 feet high, and it was built in four days and a half. The bridge over the Potomac, at Aquia Creek, Virginia, was 414 feet long and 82 feet high, and it was built and passed over by trains in forty hours. Very frequently these roads were attacked by the rebels, the tracks torn up, and the bridges burned, but the Construction Corps was promptly on hand to repair and restore them. In Hood's campaign to Tennessee his troops destroyed thirty-five miles of track, and burned bridges extending over 400 feet. The damage was perfectly repaired, and the line was again in working order in thirteen days. There was great destruction of trains and engines by guerrillas. In six months of 1865 sixteen wrecked locomotives and nearly 300 car-loads of wheels were brought into Nashville. Frequently these military railroads were put to the most laborious work in the transportation of troops. In 1865 the entire Fourth Army Corps was transported from East Tennessee to Nashville, 300 miles, without accident or delay, in 1,500 cars. At one time the Construction and Railroad Corps of Gen. M'Callum was composed of 25,000 men, and in their operations they spent \$42,000,000. The labor of this important part of the army was severe, and gave to those who efficiently conducted them no chance for fame. But upon them most undoubtedly depended the success of our armies, because they not only carried troops where they were wanted, and brought back the sick and wounded, but they also kept the soldiers fully supplied with food, comforts and ammunition.

A LEARNED German professor, meeting with a parson of the church, remarked that "the Christian teaching as to the divine origin of the human family might do very well for old women and children, but that men of learning knew that the human family is merely a development of an inferior animal." "What was that animal?" inquired the parson. "It is perfectly evident," said the professor, "that the origin of the human family is an inferior animal because the present generation possesses many advantages unknown to our ancestors, such as the use of electricity, of magnetism, the power of steam, etc. If we go back, consequently, a dozen or twenty generations, we must come to a mere animal as the origin of the present race of men." "I am surprised," said the parson, "upon being asked a question, instead of answering it directly, that you only insist upon your original proposition. Tell me directly," said he, "with more than his wonted animation, 'what animal you maintain to be the primal origin of the human family?' The saint and learned professor, evidently taken aback and confused, said, with great hesitation, 'The primal origin? Why, sir, the primal origin of the human family is the—yes, sir—in the monkey.'" "Now, I admit," said the clergyman, with a profound bow, "that you are a perfectly competent judge as to your own paternity; but I deny that you are any judge whatever of mine." The laughter on the part of the bystanders at the expense of the professor was so uproarious, that the gravity of the parson obliged him to hasten his retreat.











## MEXICO.

Another throne has fallen  
Upon the Western world;  
Another crown of pasted gems  
Has met the fate of diadems  
Upon the Western world,  
Mocked, scorned, despised, in fragments hurled,  
After a little doubtful gleam,  
Into contempt's unplying stream.

Another throne has fallen  
Where thrones can never stand;  
Another kingly of an hour  
Lays down the vain pretense of power  
Where thrones shall never stand,  
And joins the discredited, obscure band  
Of princes who have learned to bide  
Closed palace doors—themselves outside.

Another line is written  
In annals of the free;  
Another, fire-engraved line  
Proclaiming, "Ours the right divine"  
In annals of the free:  
What eyes have been too blind to see  
The first, may read the last, and best  
And reading inwardly digest.

## THE GHOST OF THE HOLLOW FIELD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNN."

In the parlor of a commodious dwelling house, in the rural village of Hallow, there sat a lady, one Monday afternoon, mending soiled muslins and laces. It was Mrs. Owen, the mistress of the house, and she seemed in poor health. Suddenly the door opened, and a middle-aged woman, with a sensible though hard-featured face, came in. She looked superior to an ordinary servant, more like a housekeeper, and spoke with a strong country accent.

"I've come to ask a fine thing, mistress, and I don't know what you'll say to me: I want holiday to-morrow?"

"Holiday!" repeated Mrs. Owen, in evident surprise. "Why, Mary, to-morrow's washing-day."

"Ay, it is; nobody knows it better than me. But here's my sister come over about this wedding of Richard's; nothing will do for 'em but I must go to it. She's talking a lot of nonsense; saying it should be the turning point of our coolness and the healer of dissensions, and she won't go to church unless I go. As to bringing in dissensions, I slightly added Mary Barber, 'she's thinking of the two boys, not of me.'"

"Well, Mary, I suppose you must go."  
"I'd not, though, mistress, but that she seems to make so much of it. I never hardly saw her in such earnest before. It's very stupid of her. I said, from the first, I'd not go. What do them grand Laws want with me—or Richard either? No, indeed! I never thought they'd get me to it—let alone the wash!"

"But you wish to go, don't you, Mary?" returned Mrs. Owen, scarcely understanding.

"Well, you see, now she's come herself, and making this fuss, I hardly like to hold out. They'd call me more pig-headed than they have done—and that needs't be. So, mistress, I suppose you must spare me for a few hours. I'll get the things forward before I start in the morning, and be back early in the afternoon; I shan't want to stop with 'em, not I."

"Very well, Mary; we shall manage, I dare say. Ask Mrs. Pickering to come in and see me before she goes. Perhaps she'll stay to tea."

"Not she," replied Mary; "she's all cock-a-hoop to get back again. Richard and William are coming home early," she says.

Mary Barber shut the door—she had stood holding the handle in her hand all the time—and returned to the room she had left—a great barn of a room, where the children were accustomed to play. She was regarded more as a friend than a servant by the family she served. But one servant besides herself was kept, a girl, entirely under Mary Barber. She was housemaid, nurse, over-looker, everything, and she did the work altogether of any two. She was generally called "Mary Barber," one of the children being named Mary. On Mrs. Owen's sick days, Mary Barber would shut herself up with the children in this remote barn of a room, and keep them in quietness.

The four children were gathered round Mrs. Pickering when Mary returned. It was something new to them to have a visitor. The two sisters were much alike, tall, sensible-looking, hard-featured women, with large, well-formed foreheads, and honest, steady gray eyes. But Mrs. Pickering looked ill and careworn. She wore a very nice violet silk gown, a dark Paisley shawl, and Leghorn bonnet. Mary Barber had been regarding the attire in silent condemnation; except her one best gown, she had nothing but cottons.

"Well, Hester, the mistress says she'll spare me," was her announcement; "but as for getting over in time to go to church, I don't know that I can do it. There'll be a thousand and one things to do to-morrow morning, and I shall stop and put forward."

"You might get over in time if you would, Mary."

"Perhaps I might and perhaps I mightn't," was the plain answer. "It's a five-weeks' wash, and the missis is as poorly as she can be. Look here, Hester—it's just this: I don't want to come. I will come, as you make such a clatter over it; and I'll eat a bit of their wedding-cake, and drink a glass o' wine to their good luck; but as to sitting down to breakfast—or whatever the meal is—with the Laws and their grand company, it's not to be supposed I'd do it. I know my place better. Neither would the Laws want me to."

"They said they'd welcome you."

"I darsay they did!" returned Mary, with a

sniff; "but they'd think me a fool if I went, for all that. I shouldn't mind seeing 'em married, though, and I'll get over to the church, if I can. Anyway, I'll be in time to drink health to 'em before they start on their journey."

Mrs. Pickering rose. She knew it was of no use saying more. She wished good-by to the children, went to Mrs. Owen's parlor for a few minutes, absolutely declining refreshment, and then prepared to walk home again. Mary attended her to the door.

"It's fine to be you—coming out in your puce silk on a week day!" she burst out with, her tongue refusing to keep silence on the offending point any longer.

"I put it on this afternoon because I was expecting Mrs. Law," was the inoffensive answer. "She sent me word she'd come up to talk over the arrangements; and then I got a message by the surgery boy, saying she was prevented. Don't it look nice, Mary?" she added, taking a bit of the gown up in her fingers. "It's the first time I've put it on since it was turned. I kept it on to come here; it seemed so cold to put it off for a cotton; and I've been feeling always chill of late."

"What be you going to wear to-morrow?" demanded Mary Barber.

Mrs. Pickering laughed.

"Something desperate smart. I can't stay to tell you."

"You've got a gown a-purpose for it, I reckon," continued Mary, detaining her; "what sort is it?"

"A new fawn silk. There! Good-by; I've a power of things to do at home to-night, and the boys are coming home to an early tea."

Mrs. Pickering walked away quickly as she spoke, and Mary Barber ran back to the bare, half-furnished place where she had left the children.

"Now, I want to go out just for five minutes," she said to them, "and if you children be very good and quiet, and stop in this room, and not make a noise, or run in to tease your mamma, I shall see what I've got in my pocket for you when I come back. Who says yes?"

The children all said it—said it with eager tongues—and looked surreptitiously at Mary Barber's pocket. But they could only see as far as the outside. She shut the door upon them; and just as she was, without putting on a bonnet, ran down the village street until she came to a place popularly known as "Smith's shop." It sold everything—meat, grocery, hardware, toys, wearing apparel, and sundries. Mrs. Smith was behind the counter, and Mary imparted her wants—a new ribbon for her bonnet—white or something as good as white.

It was the days of satin ribbons—for I darsay you have already discovered I am not writing quite of the present time—and by good luck, and rather to Mary Barber's surprise, Mrs. Smith produced a roll of white satin, encased carefully in cap-paper. She didn't always have such a thing by her, she said. Mary Barber bought four yards—some narrow to match, for her cap border—and set off home again. Hearing from the children that they had been "as quiet as mice," she dived into her pocket, and produced a large mellow summer apple. Cutting it into four parts, she gave one to each.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Pickering was walking rapidly homeward. Hallow was (and is) situated about three miles from Worcester, and her house was between the two—nearer the city, however, than the village. She and her sister Mary had been the daughters of a small, hard-working farmer, Thomas Barber, who died when they were very young women, leaving nothing behind except a few debts. The household goods were sold to pay them, and the girls had to look out for a living. Hester married John Pickering, Mary went to service. The Pickering got on in the world. A cottage and a couple of fields and a cow grew into—at least the fields did—many fields, and they into hop gardens. From being a successful hop-grower, John Pickering took an office in Worcester, and became a prosperous hop-merchant. He placed his two sons in it—well-educated youths; and on his death, his eldest son, Richard, then just twenty-one, succeeded him as his master. This was four years ago. Richard was to be married on the morrow to Helena Law, daughter of Law the surgeon; and Mary Barber, as you have heard, considered she should be out of place in the festivities.

And she was right. Over and over again had the Pickering urged Mary to leave service, as a calling beneath her and them, and to live with themselves. Mary declined. As to living with them, she retorted, they knew as well as she did there'd be no "getting on" together; and help from them to set up a couple of rooms for herself, or an independent cottage, was what she'd never, never accept. She said it was "their pride;" they said they only wanted her to be more comfortable. The contention ran on for years; in fact, it was continually running on in a sort of under-current, if it did not always rise to the surface; and the result was a coldness, and not very frequent meetings. Mary Barber obstinately remained in her condition of servitude, and was called "pig-headed" for her pains.

Not much so, however, by Mrs. Pickering: she understood very little of the world's social distinctions, and cared less; and she had latterly had a great trouble upon her, beside which few things seemed of weight. For some time past there had been ill-feeling between her two sons; in her heart perhaps she most loved the younger, and so far as she dared, took his part against the elder. Richard was the master, and overbearing; William was four years the younger, and resented his brother's yoke. Richard was steady, and regular as clock-work; William was rather given to go out of an evening, spending time and money. Trifling sums of money had been missed from the office by Richard, from time to time; he was sure in his heart that William had helped himself

to them as that they had disappeared, but William coolly denied it, and set down the accusation to his brother's prejudices. In point of fact, this was the chief origin of the ill-feeling; but Richard Pickering was considerate, and had kept the petty thefts secret from his mother. She, poor woman, fondly hoped that this marriage of Richard's would heal all wounds, though not clearly seeing how or in what manner it could bear upon them. In one month William would be of age, and must become his brother's partner; he would also come into his share of the property left by their father.

Mrs. Pickering went home ruminating on these things, and praying—oh, how earnestly!—that there should be peace between the brothers. Their house was surrounded by fields; a very pretty, though small, dwelling of bright red brick, with green Venetian outside shutters to the different windows; jessamine trailed over the porch, over the sills of the sitting-room windows, on either side the entrance door. Many-colored flowers clustered round the green lawn in front, and behind was a fold-yard on a very small scale, for they kept cows, and poultry and pigs still. The land was somewhat low just here, and no glimpse of the Severn, winding along in front between its banks, could be caught; but there was the fair city of Worcester beyond, with its fine cathedral, and the taper spire of St. Andrew's Church rising high against the blue sky.

The young Pickering came home, as agreed upon; not, alas! in the friendly spirit their mother had been hoping for, but in open quarreling. They were both fine grown young men, with good features, dark hair, and the honest, sensible gray eyes of their mother. Richard was grave in look; William, gay, with the pleasantest smile in the world. Poor Mrs. Pickering! hasty words of wrath were spoken on either side, and for the first time she became acquainted with the losses at the office, and Richard's belief in his brother's dishonesty. It appeared that a far greater loss than any preceding it had been discovered that afternoon.

"Oh, Richard!" she gasped, "you don't know what you say. He would never do it."

"He has done it, mother—he must have done it," was the elder son's answer. "No one else can get access to my desk except old Stone. Would you have me suspect him?"

"Old Stone" was a faithful servant, a many years' clerk and manager, entirely beyond suspicion, and there was no one else in the office. Mrs. Pickering felt a faintness stealing over her, but she had firm faith in her younger, her bright, her well-beloved son.

"Look here, mother," said Richard; "we know—at least I do, if you don't—that his expenditure has been considerably beyond his salary. Whence has he derived the sums of money he has spent—that he does not deny he has spent? If I have kept these things from you, it was to save you pain. Stone has urged me to tell you of it over and over again."

"Hush, Richard! The money came from me," William Pickering turning round. He had been carelessly standing at the window, looking out on the setting sun. For once his pleasant smile had given place to scorn.

"I'd not have told him so much, mother—I never have. If he is capable of casting this suspicion on me, why not let him enjoy it? Times and again have I assured him I've never touched a sixpence of the money. I have told that interfering old Stone so, and I might as well have talked to the wind. I could have knocked the old man down this afternoon when he accused me of being a 'disgrace' to my dead father."

It is of no use to pursue the quarrel; neither is there time for it. That Mrs. Pickering, in her love, had privately furnished William with money from time to time was an indisputable fact, and Richard could not disbelieve his mother's word. But instead of its clearing up the matter, it only (so judged Richard) made it blacker. If he had been robbing the office, he had been, legally, robbing his mother. Words grew higher and higher, and the brothers, in their anger, spoke of a separation. This evening, the last of Richard's residence at home, was the most miserable his mother had ever spent, and she passed a great part of the night at her bedside, praying that the matter might be cleared up and the two brothers reconciled.

The morning rose bright and cloudless. It was lovely September weather, and Mary Barber was astir betimes. Washing-day in those days and in a simple country household meant washing-day. It most certainly did at Mrs. Owen's. Everybody was expected to work, and did work, the master excepted. Mary put her best shoulder to the wheel that morning, got things forward, and started about ten o'clock. The wedding was fixed for eleven, at All Saints' Church, and Mary calculated that she could get comfortably to the church just before the hour, and ensconce herself in an obscure corner of it, as she meant to do.

She was in her best. A soft, fine gray cashmere gown, kept for high days; a gray, twilled silk shawl, with a handsome sewn-on border of lilies and roses, and a cottage straw bonnet trimmed with the white satin ribbon. That shawl might have been worn by a lady. It had been a present to Mary for her own wedding (which had been rudely frustrated through the faithlessness of man, and terribly sore was she upon it unto this day), and was as good as new, ever coming out about once a year. She brought with her no cap, intending to be firm on the points of not remaining and not removing her bonnet. She'd step into Mr. Law's house and drink to the bridegroom and bride, and taste the cake, and then she'd start back home again.

She took the field way, it was pleasanter than the dusty road, and went quietly on, with her umbrella, a large green cotton thing, tied with a string round the middle, quite a foot in diameter. The skies were serenely bright, showing no prospect of rain for days to come, but Mary Barber would not have ventured out in her best without an umbrella to guard against contingencies for untold gold.

She had traversed nearly two-thirds of her way, and was in the last field but one before turning into the road. It was a large field this, called popularly the Hollow Field, from the circumstance of a hollow or dell being in one part of it. This part Mary Barber had left behind her, and as she walked along the path that led midway through it, some church clocks chiming the half hour after ten came distinctly to her ear in the stillness of the rarefied air. "I've stepped out well," quoth she.

It was at this moment that she discerned some one seated on the stile at the end of the path that led into the next field. Very much to her surprise, as she advanced nearer, she saw it was her sister. Mrs. Pickering was sitting sideways, her feet toward Worcester, her face turned to Mary, as if she were waiting for her, and would not take the trouble to get over. To use a common expression, Mary Barber could hardly believe her own eyes, and the proceeding by no means met with her approbation.

"Of all the simpletons!—to come and stick herself there to wait for me. And for what she knew I might have took the roadway. They be thinking to get me with 'em to church in the carriage, but they won't. I told her I'd not mix myself up in the grand doings, neither ought I to, and Hester's common sense must have gone a wool-gathering to wish it. Ah! she's been running herself into that stitch in her side."

The last remark was caused by her perceiving that Mrs. Pickering, whose left side was this way, had got her hand pressed upon her chest or heart. The doctors had warned Mrs. Pickering that any exertion by which this pain was brought on might be dangerous. "Serve her right!" cried unsympathizing Mary Barber, who had no patience when people did foolish things.

And now she obtained a clear view of her sister's dress. She wore the violet silk gown of the previous afternoon, and a white bonnet and shawl. Mary, on the whole, regarded the attire with disparagement.

"Why, if she's not got on her puce gown! Whatever's that for? Where's the new fawn silk she talked of, I wonder? I'd not go to my eldest son's wedding in a turned gown; I'd have a new one, be it silk or stuff. That's just like Hester; she never can bear to put on a new thing; she'd rather— If I don't believe the shawl's one of them beautiful Chaney crapes."

It looked a very nice shawl, and was glistening with richness in the rays of the sun. That it was a China crape was nearly certain; no other sort of shawl would have had so deep a fringe. China crape shawls in those days cost their price, and Mary Barber condemned it at once, as connected with her sister.

"I say, Hester," she called out, as soon as she got near enough for her voice to reach the stile, "what on earth made you come here to meet me?"

Mrs. Pickering made no reply, gave no token of recognition whatever, and Mary supposed that she had not caught the words. Her face looked unusually pale, its expression mournfully sad and serious, its eyes turned on Mary with a fixed stare.

"Sure," thought Mary, "nothing can have fell out to stop the wedding. Richard's girl wouldn't run away as that faithless chap of mine did. Something's wrong, though, I can see, by her staring at me in that stony way, and never opening her mouth to speak. I say, Hester, is anything—Dence take them strings again!"

The concluding apostrophe was addressed to her shoe-strings. To be smart, Mary Barber had put new galloon ribbon into her shoes, and one or other of them had been coming untied all the way, to her great wrath. Laying down her umbrella on the edge of the grass, and her folded handkerchief, which she had carried in her hand, atop of it, she stooped down and tied the shoe, giving the knot a good tug as additional security.

"Now, then, come undone again, and I'll— Bless me! where's she gone?"

In raising her head Mary Barber missed her sister: the stile was vacant. Hastening to it, she climbed over into the next field, and there stood in what might be called a paroxysm of astonishment, for no trace whatever was to be seen of Mrs. Pickering. It was a large field, a hedge dividing it from the one she had just traversed, the path running across it before her. She looked here, she looked there, she looked everywhere in vain. Mary Barber had once treated herself to witness the performance of a conjurer in the large room of the Bell, at Worcester; she began to think he must have been at work here.

"Hester!" she called out, raising her voice to its utmost pitch—"Hester, where be you got to?"

The air took away the sound, and a bird aloft seemed to echo it, but there was no other answer. The woman stood like one moonstruck. Was it conjuring—or what else was it? The hedge, a grim, well-kept, cropped hedge, afforded no spot for concealment, there was no ditch or any other hiding-place—nothing but the broad open field, and no human being, save herself, stirring in it.

"Well, this beats bull-baiting," ejaculated Mary Barber, in the broad country phraseology in vogue in those days. "I'd better pinch myself to see whether I be awake or dreaming."

She turned herself about from side to side, she went back over the stile to the field she had traversed, and stared about there, but no trace could she see of Mrs. Pickering. Finally she passed over the stile again, and stood a moment to revolve matters.

"She must have gone off somewhere on the run while I'd got my eyes down on that datted shoe," was the conclusion the woman came to. "And more idiot she, when she knows running always brings on that queer pain at her heart."

It might have been a reasonable solution had there been anywhere to run to—that is, had the field been so broad and wide as to admit a possibility of her running out of sight. In good truth there was no such possibility. Mary Barber continued her way across the field, and then, instead of pursuing her road to Worcester, she turned aside to the house of the Pickering. That her sister could not have got back to it she knew, for



the only way was the one she took. Trying the back-door, she found it fastened; and, on passing round to the front, that was fastened also. There was no carriage waiting at the gate; on the contrary, everything seemed silent and shut up. Mary Barber gave a sharp knock.

"One would think you were all dead," she cried, as a maid-servant opened the door; "they are gone, I suppose."

"Yes, they are gone," was the girl's reply. "My mistress left about ten minutes since."

"More than that, I know," was the answering remark. "What made her come and meet me, Betsey?"

"She didn't come," said Betsey.

"She did come," said Mary Barber.

"She did not," persisted the servant.

"Why, my goodness gracious me, girl! do you want to persuade me out of my senses?" retorted Mary Barber, in anger. "She came on as far as the Hollow Field, and sat herself on the stile there, waiting for me to come up. I've got the use of my eyes, I hope!"

"Well, I don't know," returned the girl, dubiously. "I was with her the moment she was starting, and I'm sure she'd no thought of going there. She was just going out at this door, eating her bit of bread and butter, when she turned back into the parlor and put down her green parasol, telling me to bring her small silk umbrella instead. It might rain, fair as it looked. 'And make haste, Betsey,' she says to me, 'for it don't want two minutes of the half hour, and I shan't get to All Saints' in time.'"

"What half hour?" asked Mary Barber, in a hard, disputing sort of tone.

"The half hour after ten. Sure enough, in a minute or two our clock struck it."

"Your clock must be uncommon wrong in its reckoning then," was the woman's rejoinder.

"At half-past ten she was stuck on the stile looking out for me. It's about ten minutes ago."

It was about ten minutes since her mistress went out, but Betsey did not venture to contend further. Mary Barber always put down those who differed from her.

"After all, she has not took her umbrella," resumed the girl. "I couldn't find it in the stand, off by the kitchen; all the rest of the umbrellas was there, but not mistress's silk one, and when I ran back to tell her I thought it must be up-stairs, she had gone—gone at a fine pace, too, Mrs. Barber, which you know is not good for her, for she was already out of sight, so I just shut the door, and drew the bolt. It's a pity she drove it off so late."

"What made her drive it off?"

"Well, there was one or two reasons: Her new fawn gown—such a beauty it is!—never was sent home till this morning—I'd let that fashionable Miss Reynolds make me another, I would!—and when mistress had got it on it wouldn't come to in the waist by the breadth of your two fingers, and she'd got her pain very bad and couldn't be squeezed. So she had to fold it up again, and put on her turned puce—"

"I say," interrupted Mary Barber, cutting the revelation short. "I say, Betsey, what's her shawl? It looked to me like one of them Chaney crapes."

"It's the most lovely Chaney crape you ever saw," replied the girl enthusiastically. "Mr. Richard made it a present to her. She didn't want to wear it, she said it was too grand, but he laughed at her. The fringe was that depth."

"And now, you obstinate thing," sharply put in Mary Barber, as the girl was extending her hands to show the depth of the fringe, "how could I have seen her in her puce gown, and how could I have seen her in the shawl, unless she had come to meet me? I should as soon have expected to see myself in a satin train, with flounces, as her in a Chaney crape shawl; and Richard must have more money than wit to have bought it."

"And where is she now, then?" asked Betsey, to whom the argument certainly appeared conclusive. "Gone on by herself to the church?"

"Never on my mind!" returned Mary Barber, not choosing to betray her ignorance upon the unsatisfactory point. "Don't you contradict your betters again, Betsey Marsh."

Betsey humbly took the reproof.

"Why could she not have had a carriage and went properly?" resumed Mary Barber. "It might have cost money, but a son's marriage comes but once in a lifetime."

"The carriage came and took off Mr. Richard, and she wouldn't go in it," said the girl.

And then she proceeded, dropping her voice to a whisper, to tell of the unpleasance of the previous evening, and of the subsequent events of the morning. Mr. William was up first, and went out without breakfast, leaving word he was gone to the office as usual, and should not attend the wedding. This she had to tell her mistress and Mr. Richard when they came down-stairs; her mistress seemed dreadfully grieved, she looked as white as a sheet, and as soon as breakfast was over she wrote a letter, and sent Hill with it into Worcester to Mr. William.

"It was to tell him to come back and dress himself, and go with her to the wedding, I know," concluded the girl, "and that's why, waiting for him, she would not go with Mr. Richard when the carriage came, and why she staid herself till the last minute. But Mr. William never came, and Hill's not come back either."

"Then why on earth did she come to meet me, instead of making the best of her way to the church?" demanded Mary Barber.

"It's what she didn't do," retorted the girl. "She never had no thought of going to meet you."

"If you say that again I'll— Why, who's this?"

The closing of the little iron gate at the foot of the garden had caused her to turn, and she saw William Pickering. He was flushed with the rapid walk from the town—conveyances were not to be hired at hasty will then in Worcester, as they are now—and came up with a smile on his good-humored face.

"I hope my mother's gone," he called out.

"Yes, sir," answered Betsey.

"So you and Richard have been quarreling again, I hear, and you must go off in a temper this morning!" was Mary Barber's reproving salutation. "I'm glad you've had the grace to think better of it, Master William."

The young man laughed.

"The truth is, my mother's note was so peremptory, in a sort that I had no choice but to obey it," he answered. "I was not in the office when Hill left it, but I came as soon as I could. Some hot water, Betsey. Look sharp."

"You'll not get to All Saints' in time," said Mary Barber.

"I'll have to try for it. They may be late themselves. What time is it now?" he continued, as he bounded up the stairs.

As if to answer him, the large kitchen-clock at that moment rang out the quarter to eleven. It was a clock that struck the quarters, as many kitchen-clocks did in those old-fashioned days.

"Is that clock right?" asked Mary Barber, remembering her conclusion that it could not be, and why, and feeling in a maze upon the past yet. "Just look at your watch, William, and tell me."

"It's never wrong," put in Betsey, as she came hurrying out of the kitchen with the jug of hot water, and probably deeming it a convenient juncture tacitly to maintain her own opinion. "It don't vary a minute in a year."

She said true. Nevertheless William Pickering, in courtesy to the request, halted on the stairs midway and took his watch from his pocket.

"It is quite right," he said. "Besides I know that must be just about the time. You wait for me in the parlor, Mary, and we'll go on together."

She turned into the parlor generally used and waited for him. The boys had always called her "Mary," short, following the habit of their father and mother. On the table lay Mrs. Pickering's green parasol, just as she had put it down.

In five minutes he was down-stairs again, dressed; as handsome a young man as all Worcestershire could have produced—upright, frank, merry. Mary Barber told him how his mother had come to meet her, and how she had suddenly disappeared. He laughed, and said Mary must have fallen into a doze while tying her shoes. They were passing through Henwick when the clock struck eleven.

"There!" exclaimed Mary Barber.

"Never mind," said he, gayly; "we shall get in for the tale."

They took the lower road, as being the nearest, cutting off the corner by the suburb of St. John's, as well as the new road, crossed the bridge over the sparkling Severn, and turned off to All Saints' Church just as the tardy bridal party drove up.

"I hope they have not been waiting for me!" exclaimed William Pickering. "Which carriage is my mother in, I wonder? I shall take her in."

"She won't be in the carriage. She was going straight into the church. Betsey said so!" snapped Mary Barber, excessively aggravated to find herself in the very midst of the alighting company. Richard Pickering drew up to his brother.

"Where's the mother?" he asked. "We have been waiting for her all this while."

"In the church, I think, if she's not with you. I am but come up myself now."

However, range their eyes as they would round the church when they got inside it, there was no sign of Mrs. Pickering. William, burying animosity for the occasion, stood by his brother at the altar, his best man, and the ceremony proceeded. Mary Barber encoined herself behind a remote pillar, peeping surreptitiously round it to watch the pretty out of church, Richard leading his very pretty bride.

"I'll let the ruck of 'em get into old Law's before me," quoth she to the female pew-opener.

And accordingly the "ruck" did get in, and then Mary Barber started. She supposed Mrs. Pickering would be there, as did all. The conclusion drawn was, that she had not arrived in time for the ceremony, and so had gone straight to the surgeon's; his residence was not far from the church, and as Mary Barber slowly approached it, she saw quite a crowd of persons coming from the opposite way, in one of whom she recognized an officer of justice. Halting at the door to stare at these—and they seemed to be reciprocating the compliment by staring at her in a curious manner—William Pickering came up.

"What can have become of my mother, Mary?" he exclaimed. "I'm going home to see after her. She's not at Mrs. Law's."

"Why, where's she got to?" responded Mary Barber. "I'll tell you what, William Pickering," quickly added the woman, an idea flashing across her, "she's gone demented with the quarreling of you two boys, and has wandered away in the fields. I told you how strangely she stared at me from the stile."

"Nonsense!" said the young man.

"Is it nonsense! It—Whatever do you people want?" broke off Mary Barber. For the persons she had noticed were surrounding them in a strange manner, hemming them in ominously. The officer laid his arm upon William Pickering.

"I'm sorry to say that I must take you prisoner, sir."

"What for?" coolly asked William.

"For murder!" was the answer. And as the terrible words fell on Mary Barber's ear, a wild thought crossed her bewildered brain—Could he have murdered his mother? Of course it was her own previous train of ideas, connected with the non-appearance of her sister, that induced it.

Not so, however. Amidst the dire confusion that seemed at once to reign; amid the indignant questionings of the bridal party, who came flocking out in their gay attire, the particulars were made known. Mr. Stone, the old clerk, had been found dead on the office floor, an ugly wound in the back of his head. Richard Pickering, in his terror, cast a yearning, beseeching glance on his brother, as much as to say, Surely it has not come to this!

The events of the morning, as connected with this, appeared to have been as follows: Mr. Stone had gone to the office at nine o'clock as usual, and there, to his surprise, found William Pickering, opening the letters. The latter said he was not going to his brother's wedding, and the old clerk reproved him for it. William did not like this; one word led to another, and several harsh things were spoken. So far the office servant testified, a man named Dance, whose work lay chiefly in the warehouse amongst the hop-pockets, and who had come in for orders. They were still "jangling," Dance said, when he left them. Subsequent to this, William Pickering went out to the warehouse, and to one or two more places. On his return, he found that his mother's out-door man-of-all-work, Hill, had left a note for him; a large brewer in the town, named Corney, was also waiting to see him on business. When Mr. Corney left, he opened the note, the contents of which may as well be given:

"William! you have never directly disobeyed me yet. I charge you, come back at once, and go with me to the church. Do you know that I have passed three parts of the night on my knees, praying that things may be cleared up between you and your brother!"

"YOUR LOVING MOTHER."

After that nothing was clearly known. William Pickering said that when he quitted the office to go home, in obedience to his mother's mandate, he left Mr. Stone at his desk writing; but a short while afterward the old clerk was found lying on the floor, with a terrible wound in the back of his head. It was quite evident he had been struck down while bending over the desk. The man Dance, who was sought for in the warehouse, and found, spoke of the quarreling he had heard, and hence the arrest of William Pickering.

Mary Barber's first thought, amidst the confusion and the shock, was of her sister. If not broken to her softly, the news might kill her; and the woman, abandoning cake and wine, and company, before she had seen them, started off

there and then in search of Mrs. Pickering, not knowing in the least where to look for her, but taking naturally the way to her home.

"Surely she'll be coming in to join 'em, and I shall, perchance meet her," was the passing thought.

Not Mrs. Pickering did Mary Barber meet, but Hill, the man. He was coming down the road in a state of excitement, and Mary Barber stared in blank disbelief at his news: his mistress had been found on her bed—dead.

In an incredibly short time the woman seemed to get there, and met the surgeon coming out of the house. It was quite true. Mrs. Pickering was dead. With her face looking as if it were turned to stone, Mary Barber went up to the chamber. Betsey, the servant, her tears dropping fast, told the tale.

When Mary Barber and Mr. William had departed, she bolted the door again, and went back to her work in the kitchen. By-and-by, it occurred to her to wonder whether the silk umbrella was safe up-stairs, or whether it had been lost from the stand: a few weeks before, one of their cotton umbrellas had been taken by a tramp. She ran up into her mistress's room to look, and there was startled by seeing her mistress. She was sitting in an arm-chair by the bedside, her head leaning sideways on its back, and her left hand pressed on her heart. On the bed lay the silk umbrella, its cover partially taken off, and by its side a bit of bread-and-butter, half eaten. At the first moment the girl thought she was asleep; but when she saw her face she knew it was something worse. Running out of the house in terror, she met Hill, who was returning from Worcester, and sent him for the nearest surgeon. He came, and pronounced her to be quite dead. "She must have been dead," he said, "about an hour."

"What time was that?" interrupted Mary Barber, speaking sharply in her emotion.

"It was half-past eleven."

There could not be the slightest doubt as to the facts of the case. While the servant was sent by her mistress for the umbrella, and delayed through being unable to find it, Mrs. Pickering must have run up-stairs to her chamber, either remembering it was there, or to look for it. She found it, and was taking off the case, putting down the bread-and-butter she was eating, to do so (the piece of bread-and-butter which the maid had just before brought to her), and must have then found herself ill, sat down in the chair, and died immediately. Her own medical attendant had warned her that any great excitement might prove suddenly fatal.

"It was the oddest thing, and I thought it at the time, though it went out of my mind again, that she should have disappeared from sight so soon," sobbed Betsey. "I don't think I was away much above a minute after the umbrella, and when I came back and found her gone, and looked out at the door, I couldn't see her anywhere. I looked in the garden, I looked down the path as far as my eyes would go. 'Why, missis must be lost!' says I, out loud. And she had left the front door wide open, too—and that ought to have told me she had not gone out of it. And I, like a fool, never to have remembered that she might have run up-stairs, but just bolted the door and went about my work."

Mary Barber made no comment; a strange awe was stealing over her. This had occurred at half-past ten. It was at precisely that time she saw her sister on the stile.

"Betsey," she presently said, her voice subdued to a whisper, "if your mistress had really gone out, as you supposed, was there any possibility of her coming in later without your knowledge?"

"No, there was not; she couldn't have done it," was the answer to the question; and Mary Barber had felt perfectly certain that it had not been possible, though she asked it. The only way to Mrs. Pickering's from the stile was the path she had taken herself, and she knew her sister had not gone on before her.

"I never unbolted either of the doors, back or front, after she (as I thought) went out, except when I undid the front for you," resumed the girl. "I don't dare to be in the house by myself with 'em open since that man frightened me last winter. No, no; missis neither went out nor came in; she just went up-stairs to her room, and died. The doctor says he don't suppose she had a moment's warning."

It must have been so. Mary Barber gazed upon her as she lay back, upon the holiday attire she wore, all the counterpart of what she had seen on the stile. The puce silk gown looking as good as new; the really beautiful shawl, with its deep rich fringe; the white bonnet, which she now saw was of plain corded silk. The doctor had closed the eyes, and put the left hand down straight; otherwise she was as she was found. On the patchwork quilt of the bed lay the silk umbrella, the cover half taken off, and the bit of bread-and-butter, half eaten, lay beside it. Mary Barber gazed at all; and an awful conviction came over her that it was her sister's spirit she had seen on the stile. Never from that hour did she quite lose the sensation of nameless dread it brought in its wake.

"You see, now, Mrs. Barber, you must have been mistaken in thinking my missis went to meet you," said Betsey.

Mary Barber made no answer; she only looked out straight before her with a gaze that seemed to be very far away.

What with one calamity and the other—for the news of William Pickering's apprehension soon traveled up—the house was like a fair the whole of the day. Richard Pickering, bridegroom though he was, was up there; Mr. Law was there, and, on examination, confirmed the other doctor's opinion as to the momentarily sudden death; numberless friends and acquaintances came in and went out again. For once in her life, Mary Barber was oblivious of the home wash, and her promise to return early for it. She took her bonnet off, borrowed a cap of her poor sister's, and remained.

William Pickering was taken before the magistrates in the Guildhall for examination, late in the afternoon. His brother attended it, and—very much to her own surprise—so did Mary Barber. The accusation and the facts had resolved themselves into something tangible out of their original confusion; the prisoner was able to understand the grounds they had against him; and the solicitor, whom he called to his assistance, drove up in a gig to Mrs. Pickering's, and took possession of Mary Barber.

"What's the good of your whirling me off to the Guildhall?" she resentfully asked of him, three times over, as he drove back into Worcester. "I don't know anything about it; I never was inside that office of the Pickering's in all my life."

"You'll see," said the lawyer, with a smile.

One thing was satisfactory—that old Mr. Stone had come to life again. The blow, though a very hard one, had stunned, but not killed him; he was, in fact, not injured beyond a reasonable probability of recovery. He had no knowledge of his

assailant: whoever it was, had come behind him, as he sat bending over his desk, and struck him down unawares.

The Guildhall was crowded; a case exciting so much interest had rarely occurred in Worcester. Independent of the station in life of the prisoner, his good looks, his youth, his popularity with most people, there were the attendant circumstances—the marriage of his brother in the morning, the death of Mrs. Pickering. Of the last sad fact they did not tell him. "Let him get his examination over, poor fellow!" said they, in kindness. And he stood before the court, upright, frank, unfettered by grief. "He must have done it in a moment of passion," said his sorrowing friends and the public; for the facts seemed too clear against him for disbelief—the long-continued ill-feeling known to exist between him and the old clerk, who had persistently taken his brother Richard's part; the quarreling of the morning, as heard by Dance, and which the prisoner did not deny; and the absence of any one else in the office. Richard Pickering, his breast beating with a horrible conviction that none else could have been guilty, was not one publicly to denounce his brother. He affected to assume his innocence, and he stood by him to afford him all the countenance in his power.

The facts were testified to—those gathered on the first moment of discovery, and others since. Dance spoke of the jangling—as he still called it—between the clerk and his young master. Mr. Corney proved his visit, and that upon its termination he left Mr. Stone and William Pickering alone, and he could see that they were not friendly. This was about twenty minutes past ten. Mr. Corney added, in answer to a question, that he had heard nothing of William Pickering's intention to depart home; on the contrary, he said he should be at the office all day. Subsequently—

Yes, but then he had not opened his mother's note, interrupted the prisoner, who up to this point, acknowledged all that was said to be correct. But, he continued, the instant he read the note, he started for home, knowing how little time there was to lose; and he told old Stone that he need not be cross on Richard's account any longer, for after all he was going to be his best man. He knew no more.

Mr. Corney resumed: A little before eleven he went back to the office to say he'd take the hope at the price offered, and was horrified to find old Mr. Stone on the ground, as he thought, dead. He raised an alarm; some people ran in from the streets, and he went himself in search of Dance, whom he found in the warehouse; somebody else ran for a constable, others for a surgeon. Of course the conclusion arrived it was, that Mr. William Pickering had done the deed.

The bench appeared to be arriving at the same. "Not so fast, gentlemen," said William Pickering's lawyer; and he put forth another witness.

It was Mr. Kilpin, the hop-merchant, a gentleman well-known in the town. He deposed that he had called in at the Messrs. Pickering's office that morning between half-past ten and eleven. Mr. Stone was alone, writing at his desk. He staid talking to him three or four minutes, and left at a quarter to eleven. He was enabled to state the time positively from the fact, that—

"Why, then, it could not have been William Pickering; he was at home at that very time," burst forth Mary Barber.

The bench silenced her; but she saw now why she had been brought to the Guildhall.

Mr. Kilpin resumed, taking up the thread of his sentence as if no interruption had occurred:

"From the fact, that as I passed St. Nicholas's Church, it chimed the three-quarters past ten. I was on my way to catch the Pershore coach, for I was going by it as far as Whittington, and it was at that moment turning the corner of Broad Street. I had to make a run for it, and to holloa out, and the coachman pulled up opposite the Old Bank. When I got back from Whittington this afternoon," added the witness, "I accidentally met Mr. William Pickering's lawyer, and learnt what had occurred."

Next came the evidence of Mary Barber, that William Pickering was in his mother's house at three-quarters past ten. Of course there could be no further doubt of his innocence after this. Meanwhile the prisoner had been writing a few lines with a pencil on a piece of paper, and it was passed over to his brother. Something in the demeanor of one of the witnesses as he gave his evidence had powerfully struck him.

"I have an idea, Richard, that the guilty man is Dance. Take care that he does not escape. If he has done this, he may also have been the pilferer of your petty cash. Try and get it all cleared up, for the sake of the mother's peace."

"For the sake of the mother's peace!" echoed Richard, with an aching heart. "Poor William! little dreams of the blow in store for him!"

He did not dream, Richard Pickering; he acted. Giving a hint to the officer to look after Dance, he pressed up to his brother, then being released from custody.

"William," he whispered, "tell me the truth in this solemn moment—and it is more sadly solemn than you are as yet cognizant of—have you really not touched that missing money? As I lay awake last night thinking of it, I began to fancy I might have been making a mistake all through. If so—"

"If so, we shall be the good friends that we used to be," heartily interrupted William, as he clasped his brother's ready hand. "On my sacred word I never touched it; I could not do so; and you must have been prejudiced to fancy it. I'll lay any money Dance will turn out to have been the black sheep. Both looks and tones were false as he gave his evidence."

And William Pickering was right. Dance was so effectually "looked after" that night, that some ugly facts came out, and he was quietly taken into custody. True enough, the black sheep had been nobody else. He had skilfully pilfered the petty sums of money; he had struck down Mr. Stone as he sat at his desk, to take a couple of sovereigns he saw lying in it. The old gentleman recovered, and gave evidence on the trial at the following March Assizes, and Richard and William Pickering from henceforth were more closely knit together.

But the singular circumstances attendant on the death of Mrs. Pickering—her apparition (for it could be nothing less) that appeared to Mary Barber—became public property. People in talking of it, mostly with timid glances backward and hushed voices, grew to call it, "The Ghost of the Hollow Field," and for a long while neither girl nor woman would pass through it alone.

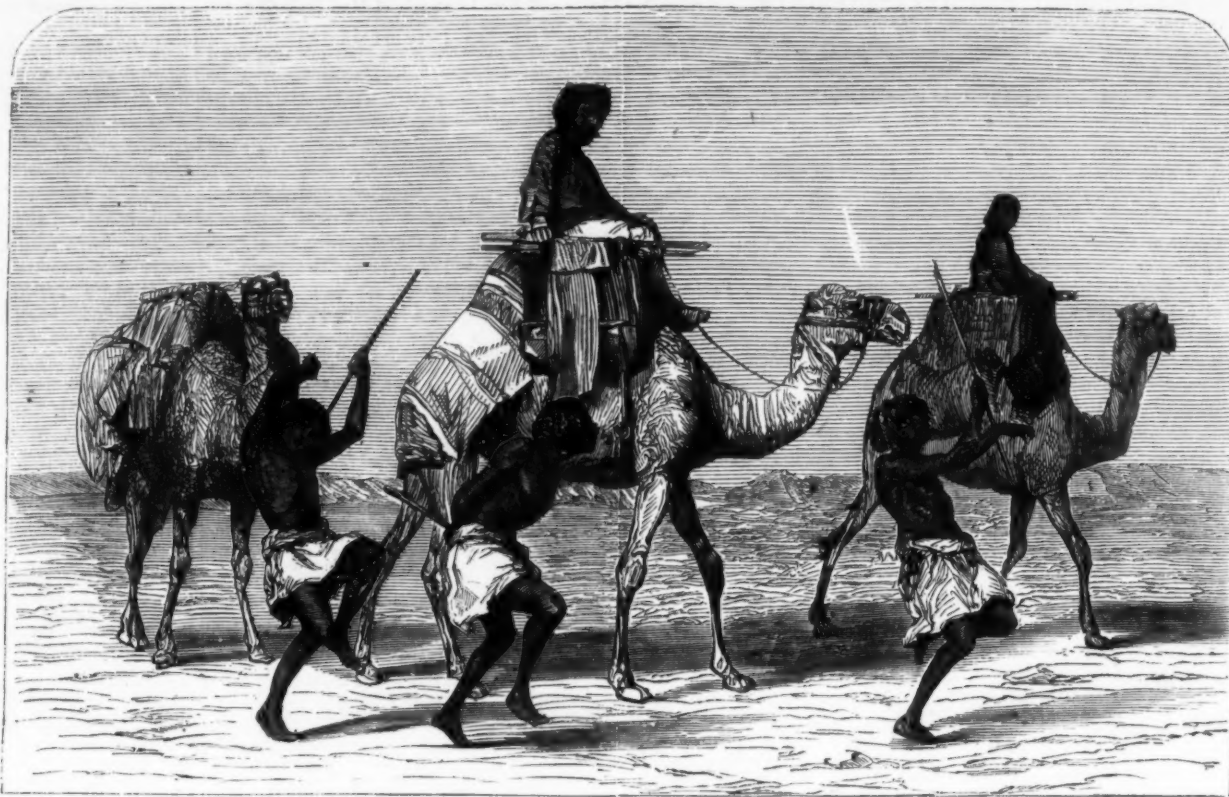
And that is the ending; and if I have been unduly minute in regard to the dress, or other points, I only reiterate the minuteness given at the time by Mary Barber. The woman—and she was a good, and honest, and truthful woman—believed to her dying day that the spirit of her sister came to lead her to the house (where otherwise she would not have gone), there to meet William Pickering, and so be the means of establishing his innocence.



DANCE OF THE  
CAMEL-DRIVERS.

This incident occurred in crossing the desert, and is thus related by M. Tremeaux, the celebrated French traveler. They had been traveling for days, and were suffering for want of water. "The camels stumbled over the stony ground, and uttered long plaintive cries when urged forward by their drivers. We looked ahead, seeking the camel which should have been sent to bring us fresh water, but saw no sign of life in this horizon of death. Our burning thirst was the principal subject of complaint, yet still we pressed on. The atmosphere became heavier than before, and it seemed as though the simoom had left the impression of its fiery breath upon everything about us. There was not a single cloud in the sky, not a single breath of air stirring. The sun poured down its brilliancy, which was reflected back into our faces by the brilliant specks of mica and quartz, so glaringly that we could hardly open our eyes to see our way. We walked on almost mechanically, buried in a sort of deep stupor. Suddenly a new and unexpected sound was

heard, a hard, sharp sound which startled us, and then was lost in a distant hum. We all opened our eyes, raised our heads, and started. It was a bevy of partridges which came to find their food upon the track of the caravan. Then we were near the Nile, the water and the shade. The dull sound made by these birds in flying was delicious music to our ears, and gave us courage. The Nile is near, the divine Nile, with its fresh and limpid waves. Almost at the same moment, the camel whom we had watched for so long appeared from behind an elevation quite near to us. Then boundless joy burst forth; the aspect of the caravan was changed as though by magic. The camel-drivers commenced to sing and clap their hands in cadence; those who but a moment before could hardly crawl along while holding on to the sides of the camels, now leaped, danced and capered about. Those who like myself were exhausted with the motion of riding upon



THE DANCE OF THE CAMEL-DRIVERS.

Thurloe interceded, assuring him that the clerk was fast asleep, that he was confident he was, since he knew personally that he had been up the whole of the two previous nights. Morland, however, had been only feigning sleep, and afterward informed the royal party of the plot, and thus frustrated it.

## A SAGACIOUS DOG.

A TRAVELER, driving along the Avenue de Neuilly, outside of Paris, late one night, was suddenly astonished to find his horse stop. At the same moment a man appeared at the horse's head. "Why don't you take care?" said the traveler. "Ah," said the man, "you would not care if you were in my position." "How is that?" "I had three hundred francs in gold in my pocket, and they have broken a hole in it and are

whelmed them with contempt and reproach for daring to imagine that she could sympathize with such low-born wretches as they were. One day, when the princess was regaling a party of nobles at her castle of Nassau, an old woman dressed in black, apparently in the last stage of misery, presented herself, and begged the princess to have pity on her and relieve her, for that she was almost dying with hunger. The princess, shocked at such unheard-of presumption, immediately gave orders to turn the old mendicant out of the castle. As the servants were about to obey their mistress, the appearance of the old woman underwent a sudden change. Her countenance, which a few minutes before was wrinkled and care-worn, now assumed the aspect of youth. She held her head erect, and her eyes sparkled with fire.

"Princess of Nassau," said she, "I am Starka, the Daughter of the Mountains. I have long watched you. Riches and power were given you that you might relieve the suffering and protect the oppressed. Have you fulfilled your trust? No, you have abused it. Henceforth, you shall have neither castle nor servants; you shall live in water, and your food shall consist of insects."

These words were hardly uttered, when the earth shook, the castle became a heap of ruins, and the princess was chained in the middle of a pond, which the Daughter of the Mountains had formed in one of the vaults beneath the ruins.

The nobles who were thus rudely disturbed in the midst of their festivity did not receive any injury; for a considerable time not one of them was able to utter a word. At last a few of the most courageous and compassionate amongst them, pitying the fate of the princess, implored the Daughter of the Mountains to mitigate her punishment. Starka replied, that if any one was courageous enough to visit the ruins at midnight, he should hear the terms on which the princess should be restored to her rank and liberty; and that if he fulfilled the conditions, no matter what his station might be, he should obtain the hand of the princess in marriage. None of them, however, were devoted enough to attempt her deliverance, for they all hurried away, resolving within themselves never again to visit the castle of Nassau. As to the domestics of the castle and the peasants of the neighborhood, they had all suffered too much from the cruelty of their mistress to desire her return; so they, too, departed as hastily as possible.

When night came on, a young fisherman named Alberto was wandering amongst the ruins of the doomed castle. He had witnessed its downfall, and had also heard the reply that Starka gave to the nobles when they solicited her to soften the punishment of the princess.

Dissatisfied with his occupation, Alberto had, with the idea of enriching himself, determined to rescue the princess, or perish in the attempt. Midnight arrived, and Starka, true to her appointment, stood before the young fisherman. At first, she endeavored to dissuade

him from so dangerous an undertaking; but he was not to be diverted from his purpose.

"Have you any love for your mother and country?" demanded Starka. "I love both," replied Alberto.

"Then," said Starka, "I conjure you by that love to renounce this project."

"My resolution is taken," rejoined Alberto.

"Well, then," resumed Starka, mournfully, "take this purse; it contains a hundred pieces of gold; every night you come here, you will receive a similar sum. The only condition that I annex to it is this, that you must not make use of it to do any good action. You must be deaf to the prayers of the poor and the unfortunate; and if during the space of one year you abide by this condition, you shall marry the princess, and she shall be restored to her rank, wealth, and liberty."

Alberto took up the purse, and departed, highly gratified that he had obtained it on such easy terms. Starka watched him with a look of melancholy. "Go," said she, "you will bitterly rue the day that you agreed to stifle the best feelings of your heart in order to procure riches, for it is not permitted to man to harden his heart against the sufferings of his fellow-creatures with impunity."

Some months passed away, and Alberto, constantly plunged in dissipation, had forgotten his home and his friends.

One evening, in passing through one of the principal streets of Warsaw, he met a man in great distress, who had been his playmate and schoolfellow, and to whom he was sincerely attached. A mutual recognition took place, and Alberto in the fullness of his heart was about to relieve the necessities of his friend, when he remembered the compact he had formed with the Daughter of the Mountains. He then felt, for the first time, the misery of his situation; and to escape the reproaches of his friend, he hurried away from him, inwardly cursing the night that he had visited the ruins of the castle of Nassau. Soon after this, he was seized with a strong desire to go and see his mother, and to gaze once more on the little hut in which he had spent the happiest hours of his life. He arrives at his mother's humble dwelling, and finds that she is on the point of death; but the sight of her son recalls her back to life, and her attendant assures him that if she had the money to purchase medicine for her, she might recover. Alberto, unable to resist this appeal, gives some money to the nurse. The next moment the Daughter of the Mountains appears, and possessing herself of her prey, she carries him to the abode of the doomed. Other candidates for the hand of the princess offered themselves, but, like Alberto, unable to fulfill the conditions imposed on them, they experienced the same fate; thus proving the assertion of Starka, that man is not permitted to harden his heart against the sufferings of his fellow-creatures with impunity.

SOME photographers are now adopting a simple and successful method of exhibiting cartes, and other pictures of similar size, by means of an easily constructed modification of Chadbourn's opaque lantern. The picture to be exhibited is placed at the back of a small box of a suitable size and form, and is strongly illuminated by means of one or more lime-lights, magnesium-lamps, or other means by which powerful illumination may be obtained. In front of this is placed an object glass, similar to that of the ordinary magic lantern or photographic camera, proper care being taken that the direct light from the lamp be not permitted to fall on the lens. If a white screen be erected in front of this "opaque lantern," a magnified image of the small picture in the box will be projected on to it with a degree of brilliancy proportionate to the intensity of the illumination. In this simple lantern no condensers are used, and no optical appliances beyond the object-glass already referred to. A pleasing effect is caused by having a number of cartes fastened side by side on the long slider, by which means a great number of features may be successively presented on the screen, by the simple means of pushing forward the slide, in a manner similar to the long comic slides of the ordinary magic lantern.

DR. DE BRIEU, of Paris, has succeeded in producing an enamel paint, made from india-rubber, which, though of film-like consistency when applied to iron, renders it absolutely proof against atmospheric action. The invention is thought highly of by the Academy of Sciences.



SIR RICHARD WILLIS'S PLOT AGAINST CHARLES II.

the camel's back, now sat up straight, and we all prepared to taste the delicious beverage which was approaching. Soon we gathered about the skins, and then what joyful animation was displayed, and yet the water in them was quite warm, and had also an unpleasant taste, derived from the skins, but still in comparison with that we had found in the wells of the desert, it was like nectar."

## Sir Richard Willis's Plot Against Charles II.

WHILE Charles II. was an exile in the Netherlands, Sir Richard Willis formed a plot to deliver him and the Dukes of York and Gloucester into the hands of Cromwell. The plot was to induce them to embark for England and land at some port in Sussex, on the ground that there would be a rising in his favor. He was to be received on landing by five hundred men, and to be joined next morning by two thousand more. Cromwell's secretary, Thurloe, had chambers in Lincoln's Inn from 1645 to 1659, occupying during this period No. 24 on the ground floor of what is now called Old Buildings. Cromwell came there one night to discuss this matter with Thurloe. After conversing together for some time, Cromwell suddenly found that one of the clerks was in the room asleep at his desk. It happened that this clerk was Mr. Morland, afterward Sir Samuel Morland, the famous mechanician. Cromwell drew his dagger and would have killed Morland on the spot but

scattered all over the road. It is not my own money, and if I can't find it I am ruined. "Have you a coin left?" "Yes, only one." "Give it to me, in order to find the others." The poor fellow handed it to the traveler, who called his dog, and, putting it to his nose, let him smell it, and then ordered him to search for the others. The intelligent creature sniffed at the coin, and then commenced running about the road, returning to his master every moment with a fresh coin, until he had recovered them all. The gratitude of the poor man whose money was thus returned to him knew no bounds. "Let me at least know your name," he said, as the traveler was setting off. "I have done nothing," he answered; "it was my dog. His name is Rabutjoie."

STARKA-A WEIRD LEGEND OF  
POLAND.

THE Princess of Nassau was rich and powerful. Nature had endowed her with wit and beauty, and she was versed in all the accomplishments calculated to adorn her station; but her moral qualities had been neglected. She was fond of pomp and ostentation. The banquets that she gave to the nobility were unsurpassed for their splendor and magnificence; but if any of her vassals, when overtaken by misfortune, made an appeal to her generosity, she would indignantly spurn them from her presence, after having over-



A WONDERFUL DOG.



## HOME INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, &amp;c.

## HOME INCIDENTS, &amp;c.

## A Bear and Dog Fight.

A man named Verheim, in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, keeps a large tame bear, which he often shows to visitors. On one occasion an Irishman came to see it with a dog, and, despite the warnings of Verheim, insisted on setting his dog upon it. The result is depicted by our artist. The bear, sitting upon his hind legs, grasped the dog with his fore-paws, so that he could not move, and, doubling it into a sort of ball, commenced

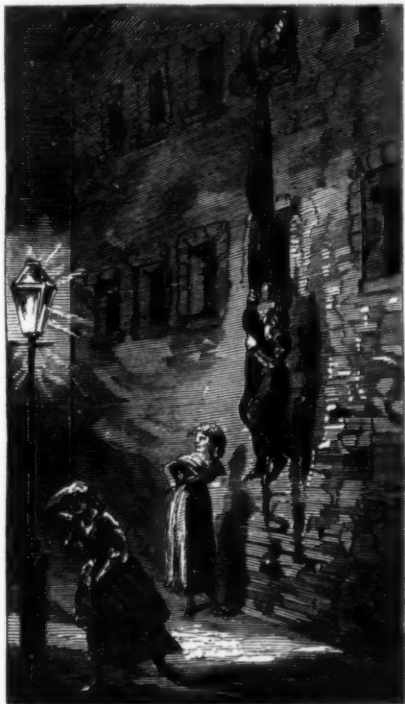


BEAR VS. DOG.

to tear it with the claws of his hind legs and his teeth. With the greatest difficulty Verheim rescued the helpless animal, and it departed, with its stupid owner, a sadder and wiser dog.

## Jail Delivery.

Five women who were confined in the jail at Chicago temporarily, while under sentence to the Penitentiary, escaped by sawing away one of the iron bars to the window, and letting themselves down from the second story window to the sidewalk. A sixth fell and injured herself so severely that she had to be left. The jail occupies part of the Court-house, and is in the most



THE ESCAPE OF FIVE FEMALE PRISONERS FROM THE CHICAGO JAIL.

central part of the city. It is rare that so daring an attempt can be made successful, even by men.

## Woman Mutilated by a Hog.

A correspondent sends us from Zanesville, Ohio, the description of the terrible scene here represented. A woman was walking at a short distance from the town, when she was suddenly attacked by a ferocious hog, who threw her down and commenced tearing her. Her cries soon brought assistance, when the animal was killed, and she was found to have been somewhat severely injured.



A WOMAN MUTILATED BY FEROCIOUS HOG.



A POLITICAL DISCUSSION.

## Political Discussion.

The Hon. James Irving, Member of Assembly-elect, and Owen Geoghegan, Esq., a defeated candidate for Councilman, disagreeing in their view of statesmanship and legislative action, and being animated by the sublime patriotism which prompted the Horatii and Curiatii, determined to decide their differences by the test of battle. The noble tournament is represented by our artist, who has finely caught the expression of enthusiastic patriotism which animated the contestants, and



EXCITING AFFAIR IN A CEMETERY.

the eager interest of the spectators. Unfortunately the contest was interrupted by some meddlesome policemen before it was finally decided. Both parties have issued *pronunciamientos*, in which each claims the victory, and the current opinion among those who are competent to judge is, that there will be another tilt. Would it not be well to have it take place publicly, and carry the children of the public schools in a body to see it? It would impress upon their youthful minds how great and noble a thing it is to be a legislator, and what a privilege it is to live in a country and a city where the best men are so courageous in the defense of the public good. Perhaps under the stimulus of such a body of spectators, the bold contestants might pummel each other to death, which would be the most desirable result.



A YOUNG MAN KILLED FOR DEFENDING HIS SISTER.

## Exciting Affair in a Cemetery.

From Cleveland, Ohio, we have an account of the scene illustrated, at a cemetery on the Western Reserve. A young lady, who had died quite suddenly, had been buried here. It having come to her father's ears that the medical students intended to violate the grave, in order, by a *post-mortem* examination, to discover the cause of her sudden death, he armed himself with a gun, and resolved to pass the night in watching his daughter's grave. Concealing himself behind a monument, he waited until almost morning, when the three persons approached and commenced to make their preparations for opening his daughter's grave. When their purpose could be no longer doubted, the father fired, and one of them fell. He was instantly carried off by the other two, and they all drove away in a wagon. The father did not pursue, thinking they had probably been sufficiently punished.

## A Young Man Killed for Defending his Sister.

At Fort Smith, a Cherokee Indian, named Mose Edwards, came to the settlement, and entering the room where a Miss Snipes was cooking, attempted to take improper liberties with her. Her brother hearing her cries came in, and interfering, thought he had induced the Indian to behave himself, when suddenly drawing a bowie-knife he plunged it into young Snipes's heart,



FATAL TERMINATION OF A DRUNKEN FROLIC.

killing him almost instantly. Edwards has since been arrested, while Miss Snipes is almost distracted at the sudden death of her brother.

## End of a Drunken Frolic.

Two drunken men were walking along the tow-path at Oswego, N. Y., at night, when one of them fell into the water. The other attempting to save his friend, grasped his leg tightly, and cried out for aid. When those who were attracted by his cries came upon the spot, they found that he had held his friend's head under water, and that he was drowned.

## An Aged Woman Burned to Death.

MRS. OVERACKER, an old lady of over seventy, in La Grange, Dutchess County, was sitting alone in front of a wood fire, when a spark flew out and ignited



AN AGED WOMAN BURNED TO DEATH.

her dress. The old lady had been for some time suffering from an attack of paralysis, and was unable either to speak or move. The attention of the household was after a while attracted by the smoke escaping from the crevice of the door, and on entering the room, found Mrs. Overacker dead, and burnt to a crisp. It was quite accidental that the old lady had been left alone, it having been for some time previously a rule that some one of the household should always remain in the room with her.

## An Instance of Snake Charming.

A correspondent from Maysville sends us an account of the occurrence here represented. A little boy of about six years old, in Bracken county, was in the habit of going into the woods to "play with the pretty things," as he called them. At his solicitation, his mother once followed him, and, to her horror, found him as represented, playing with three huge black



A VERITABLE INSTANCE OF SNAKE CHARMING IN KENTUCKY.



FALL OF A WAGON FROM A BRIDGE.

snakes. Hastening home, she told her husband, and he going out, succeeded finally in killing the reptiles.

## Fall of a Wagon from a Bridge.

At St. Paul, Minnesota, a wagon with four men ran off the bridge, this side of St. Anthony, and fell headlong down the precipice, 150 feet high. Wonderfully enough, only one of the men was killed, and although the three others were injured, yet they were not dangerously so.



HEROISM OF MR. DOMINICK DAVAN, OF WILLIAMSBURG.

## Heroism of Mr. Dominick Davan, of Williamsburg.

As the Houston street ferry-boat, the Maspeth, was approaching the New York side of the ferry one of the evenings last week, at about eight, a young lady fell over by accident, and would unquestionably have been drowned had not Mr. Dominick Davan, of South Fourth street, Williamsburg, jumped after her, with all his clothes on, and after great exertions succeeded in saving her. The young lady had sunk two or three times before Mr. Davan reached her. The life-preservers and similar appliances upon those boats cannot be readily used, and in cases of such accidents as this life would be lost if any dependence were placed upon them. Despite the terrible warning of the burning of the Idaho,



A FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT IN A SAW MILL.



these ferry companies have not made the reforms which the ILLUSTRATED PAPER at that time showed were absolutely necessary.

#### A Woman Crushed to Death.

Williamsburg, N. Y., a poor woman was picking up chips in the yard at the corner of North Third and First streets, when reaching through the belt of the saw-mill for something, her dress became entangled in it, and she was carried over the shaft some thirty times before the machinery could be stopped. The belt was making thirty revolutions a minute. Her death is supposed to have been almost instantaneous.

#### A WEDDING THAT MADE ANOTHER.

'Twas a grand day. My friend Ben Thompson, the wealthiest and the most popular inhabitant of the place, was going to be married. The town-folks were lounging and strolling about, with that kind of cheerful excitement depicted upon every countenance which is always observed when an incident of uncommon occurrence strikes a roll-call into the monotony of everyday-life. And although such incidents have nothing particular to do with the majority of other people's business, Jimmie and Cary, Peter and Tom, will chatter, and titter, and slander, and be out on the scent to giggle, to gape, to stare, and to wonder what and what not.

From quite an early hour the good folks had been marching about, loitering in the sun upon the sidewalks of High street, and every worthy citizen looked as happy as if he had been within a wink of his own wedding. There were animated groups which here and there deliberately obstructed the way, and in the immediate neighborhood of the church an imposing crowd had already collected. Little urchins were playing at hide-and-seek round about talkative crinolines, occasionally pulling a stitch or two out of order. Precocious young ladies of twelve were wondering whether, and precocious men of fourteen were tossing their noses above the curling smoke of penny cigars. The cooks had left the dinners to cook themselves, the maids waddled swiftly round suspicious corners, the grooms were tossing for drinks upon the swifty bars, and the very dogs were making fun along the road.

It was a glorious day. Sunshine without, sunshine within. Wedding days are made to be cloudless. The storms belong to the future. The atmospheric revolutions of our moral existence are of our own making.

Conversations were animated, platoon fires were shot from group to group, skirmishing was lively upon the whole line, and full batteries were pouring forth tremendous volleys of grape and round shot. "Thompson was a nice man;" "He was a gentlemanly fellow;" "He was so, so;" "He had lots of money;" "He had not so much;" "He had more;" "He was good-tempered;" "He was not;" "He was mean;" "He was a stunner;" it was difficult to say much on his account.... for he looked very much like everybody.

It was a different matter with the bride. Nobody knew her except by hearsay. However, she was said to be very beautiful; to be a model of intellectual and physical perfection. But, hem! she was coming from a distant State, and who could tell? Maybe she was, and maybe she wasn't. The guessing was *pro* and *contra*. Nobody could tell as much on the subject as she could herself. It was kindly hinted that dear Mr. Thompson might yet have to find out to his bitter disappointment that it ain't all gold that glitters—hem!—that a cat in the bag may not be worth a rat; that—

"Now, Tilly dear, don't talk mean," put in a little ugly, crippled female admirer of beauty; "don't; it's so wicked."

So it is, considering that they are all enlisted under the same flag and patronize the barbarous custom of deceitful tatters, which were held in such utter contempt by the great, intelligent and refined Hellenes with whom we have some intellectual acquaintance.

Miss Rosa Robinson was, however, a lovely young lady in every respect, and by no means a commonplace kind of young woman. She was well educated, and, with regard to learning, could have argued many points with decisive logic; and, for the matter of that, could have talked the little town out of sight; and, otherwise, the report which represented her as the physical perfection of beauty was not only true, but she might have stood among the ancient Greeks and have stood a fair chance in that most discriminate judgment rendered by Paris expressly for the edification of the sons of Pelops.

The mystery with which Mr. Thompson had willfully surrounded his matrimonial enterprise, from its earliest stage to the last, had naturally secured popularity to the whole affair. Mystery is a great sensation-maker. Had the mysterious reports about Miss Robinson's prepossessing qualifications been a deliberate lie, everybody would have been a believer to the contrary. As it was, however, it created a sensation. This sensation, which was kept up by one or two of Thompson's friends for several months, had deprived the latter, it must be confessed, of the smiles and seducing flirtations of the Misses Tomkins, the Misses Jones, the Misses Teetle and the Misses Tatle, a very disagreeable occurrence.

Well nobody at X— knew or could tell anything definite about the fair bride who had arrived *incognito* on that morning at a very early hour—none could tell but one person. It was Mr. William Joly, Ben Thompson's intimate friend. It was he who received the young lady and one of her bridesmaids at the depot and escorted them to his sister's house. It was there that the fixing-up proceedings were to be accomplished, there that the friends, maids and grooms were to assemble, and from there that the whole party were to proceed in open carriages to church.

Now, William Joly, who had already met with a few disappointments upon the slippery roads of his existence—he was almost a poor man—while

stopping on business in Miss Robinson's native town, had met her by accident at a friend's house, when she was but a grown-up school-girl just emerging into womanhood. This had happened but two or three years back. Bill was then about twenty-eight and a handsome fellow. Somehow, his sojourn had lasted several weeks after his first meeting Rosa. There are strong reasons to believe that he had met her again, that they had reciprocally made an impression on each other, and that, through some unknown circumstance or other, Bill had satisfied himself that Rosa's physical perfections were eminently coincident with her truly remarkable intellectual accomplishments. That a powerful sympathetic feeling had sprung up between them within the short time of a week or two, is a matter which the reader is kindly requested to place beyond a doubt in his own mind.

It may be added that after parting, never, perhaps, to meet again, William retained a very pleasant recollection of his meeting, and that the gracious apparition seldom afterward deserted his mind, so much so that it seemed as if Fate had taken it into her head to bring about, some day or other, one of those unexpected incidents which influence the destiny of an empire no less than that of a single mortal. Rosa's graceful countenance had engraved itself into his heart; her words had entwined themselves with his soul; he still felt the electric touch of her soft little hand, and could hear the rustling folds of her dress. However, he never dreamed of being more than a stranger to the lovely being whom the great prestidigitator Peradventure had revealed to him. In course of time he had made strenuous efforts to forget, but all his attempts were baffled by the reiterated visions of an image, the spiritual presence of which was constantly besetting his thoughts and actions. And no wonder that such an association of human perfections tormented the poor fellow, when we see ordinary women set men crazy about a stray curl, and when some of the sweetest creatures on earth throw themselves, body and soul, into the power of deliberate scoundrels.

Hence, if William had not exactly led a miserable existence, at any rate his progress was anything but sunshiny. And besides he had been very unfortunate and was poor, and there was no appearance of an early change for the better in his prospects.

However, he was about the only person who could tell the truth in favor of Miss Robinson on this solemn occasion, and as he did not even breathe a word on her subject, the town-folks were left to conjectures, which, of course, were of a most conflicting nature. Nevertheless, as the rumors of exquisite beauty are always wrapped in a kind of ideal atmosphere, not a disrespectful word was heard, and every one tinselled his inspirations according to his extent of knowledge and education.

"If rumor is true," said a young swell standing in the midst of a group of interesting youths, "not one of our gals will stand comparison with her. Still, when I was in New York, last winter, I saw—"

"Nothing of the kind," interrupted a beardless bachelor, who pretended to know more than any one else.

"You are talking like a flat, sir, and I accept your apology."

"By Jove, I mean what I say. Upon my word—"

"Then you know her?"

"No, but Tom, our coachman, was—"

Here a roar of laughter interrupted the speaker, who bashfully receded to the rear.

"Say, Mr. Tomkins," ventured a young lady, with a sneer, when the latter came to pass the female group in the rear of which she was prominently chattering—"Say! Is it true that she has golden hair and light brown eyes?"

"She could see through you, at any rate," was the cross reply.

Thus rebuked, she sat to cockering with a lady friend, and thought she looked so nice that morning.

"Mrs. Morrison told me last night the Robinsons had a charm in the family which was given by an Indian to the young lady's great grandfather," said, in a persuasive tone, a stout, shuffling, busy-looking lady on the other side of forty, "and Mr. Ben Thompson—and says he—and says I—and so he said—"

"La! Mrs. Vanderboom," interrupted a younger lady, "do you believe—"

"They're a-coming! they're a-coming!" shouted the shrill voice of a boy from the top of a tree close by. "Here, hurrah!"

Now the bustle began, and some people's elbows were dug deep into other people's ribs. A large Newfoundland dog knocked an old gentleman head over stick. Two stone-masons, carrying a heavy ladder, brushed off a gentleman's hat and stunned him almost to death as he was crossing from a store to the verge of the sidewalk. The boys clambered upon the trees, and here and there were pulled down by other tearing, teasing, worrying, eager pedestrians who stood below staring in the empty space. Men rushed by with half a dozen urchins hanging on to flat and coat-tails. Nurses moved on scolding awkward little children hopping, skipping and tripping along, losing breath, and tears streaming down their rosy cheeks. Those who possessed houses in the street and their invited friends occupied the upper stories, where ladies on parade displayed their bonnets like the shop-windows of a milliner.

A buzzing expression of satisfaction and relief rolled through the crowd, which had bravely stood the provoking smiles of a broiling sun, and a comparative silence followed the previous noise and hurried movements.

But while curiosity kept the people without, Miss Rosa Robinson's wedding presents were being exhibited to the inquisitive eagerness of her friends in another part of the city. These, to Mr. Thompson's everlasting credit, were of the choicest kind, for they displayed a truly royal

munificence, with the difference that he had paid for them out of his own pocket—a custom almost unknown to crowned heads. To deprive the fair reader of a special notice of the most costly articles presented to the lovely bride would be a reprehensible act; we therefore proceed to enumerate.

There was an Indian cashmere brought from Calcutta, which could have been run through an ordinary sized finger-ring as easily as a thin thread through the eye of a needle. There was a light blue silk dress which would have stood upon its own folds; a white satin ditto, almost as thick as velvet, from the oldest Neapolitan factory, and a queer (outr) colored *moiré-antique*, which defied comparison; about a dozen other silk dresses of minor import. Two sweetly pretty little pets of bonnets, and twelve dozen of the very best French kid gloves of the choicest shades. There was made-up cambric enough to last a whole lifetime. A shawl, a rich *Berte*, a fall and an eighteen-inch deep ten-yards-long flounce of the finest Brussels *appliqué*, with two one thousand dollars set of Brussels point. A tremendous spool of *goupure* and valenciennes of all widths. Some Honiton collars and sleeves, Honiton handkerchiefs with a bit of cambric in the centre, no larger than a silver dollar. And besides all these costly things, two trunks full of ribbons, artificial flowers, odds and ends, French perfumery, a gallon of Constantinopolitan Otto of Rosea, some huge bottles of real Farina's Eau de Cologne, of Cosmacetti's celebrated toilet vinegar, *Eau des Princesses*, *Savon des Princesses*, and heaven knows what else.

The jewelry formed another department by itself. There was a magnificent and very uncommon bracelet, made of seven satyrical heads, out in Labrador, exquisitely mounted, and framed in small diamonds, with a brooch to match; another bracelet, in solid gold, representing the turreted crown of a city crest, with three huge bull's-eyes of choice malachite; a diadem of large emeralds, swimming in a sea of rose-diamonds; a pearl necklace, with a large gold-framed turquoise locket; a ten-carats diamond ring and ear-drops; and, besides, a whole blood-stone jewel-caseful of other rings, brooches, buckles, hair-pins, gold watch and several gold chains, all of the finest make, the choicest gems, and the purest gold.

It almost took one's breath away to look at.

This Ben Thompson, no doubt, was a dear, good, generous kind of a nice fellow. And it may be taken for granted that Miss Robinson's friends were highly gratified at the remarkable sight they had experienced, not only because everything looked so good and genuine, but because it all belonged to such a charming, sweet and lovely creature as she was.

During the preparations for the start, however, it had been observed that Mr. Thompson had called his friend William into the next parlor, and that both had been absent for a considerable time. Nothing but very pressing business could therefore exonerate either from such an untimely act of impropriety. When they returned, it was announced that the bride was ready, and that the carriages had been ordered to the door. At this moment Miss Robinson exchanged an inquiring look with her future husband, who nodded back in the affirmative. The doors were thrown open, and the company now entered their respective carriages.

Owing to Thompson's popularity they were received with enthusiastic cheers along the road, and the multitude which thronged the sidewalks close in upon the rear of the nuptial cortege, in order to secure admittance to the church after having indulged the sight. Here, however, many were doomed to disappointment, and some turbulent boys were roughly handled for impudent behavior.

As the bridal party walked up the central aisle; the clergyman stood already in attendance by the altar railing to receive them. He did not disguise a movement of astonishment, when he observed Thompson leading his bride and ascending the steps by her side. At the same moment, however, the latter turned round, and leaning toward his friend, William Joly, who stood as groom in the rear, he drew him up to Miss Robinson's side, and taking her right hand while she smiled most graciously upon the unexpected performance, placed it into the right hand of his friend.

It would be useless to attempt a description of the bewildering emotions which assailed the congregation. It, doubtless, needed the sanctity of the place and the respect which the godly shepherd inspired to his flock, to have struck the people dumb with astonishment. For a very tumultuous outbreak would otherwise have been the consequence, and crammed as the church was, stock-full of every inch of spare space, some disastrous incidents might have been the result of any kind of favorable or hostile demonstration. They soon recovered, however, and for several minutes a deafening hum of whispers and hushings filled the air. This enabled the parties more immediately interested in the proceedings to stimulate their own energies, and to recover from their individual emotions. Bill Joly had almost fainted, overcome as he was by the unprecedented sacrifice and forbearance of his friend, and by the sudden discovery of his secret sweetheart's faithful reciprocity of feelings. For during his short interview with Thompson before the start, the latter had but very incompletely prepared him for this eventful sequel.

However, the ceremony was now proceeded with to everybody's satisfaction, and when the beautiful young wife and her happy husband, preceded by the popular Thompson, emerged from the church, and took seats in the same carriage, they were received with a thunder of cheers and hurrahs which will not be forgotten for many years to come.

CONCIT is generally proportionate with high station, and the greatest geniuses have not been entirely free from it. What, indeed, is ambition but an immoderate love of praise?

#### FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A PLAIN-SPOKEN Methodist preacher delivered the following from his desk: "I would announce to the congregation that, probably by mistake, there was left at this meeting-house, this morning, a small cotton umbrella, much damaged by time and wear, and exceedingly pale in color, in place whereof was taken a very large silk umbrella, and of great beauty. Blanders of this sort, brethren and sisters, are getting a little too common."

THAT was an affectionate daughter, who, when purchasing some mourning goods, being asked if there had been a death in the family, replied: "No, not exactly; but I expect the old lady will go under in about a week, and I thought I would have my mourning ready."

This daughter was probably a relative of the woman who lived in the East-End of London, and who replied, when asked why she did not move: "My husband is sick, and there's an undertaker very handy."

A GOOD story is told of a Western farmer, a candidate for Congress, whose neighbor was in the habit of stealing his hogs, and was finally caught in the act. Anxious to secure the man's vote and his own pork at the same time, the farmer went to him, and said:

"Now, I make this proposition: if you will let my hogs alone for the future, I will not only say nothing of the past, but when I kill in the fall, I will put into your cellar five barrels of as good pork as I make."

The fellow reflected a moment, and replied: "Well, squire, that's a fair proposition, anyhow, and seeing as it's you, I'll do it. But I vow I believe I shall lose pork by the operation."

MRS. PARTINGTON.—"What are them? coal sifters?" said Ike, as he and Mrs. Partington stopped a moment to look at some big ear-trumpets in Tremont street.

"No," said she, wiping her spectacles; "they are speaking-trumpets, dear, to help people hear better; it strengthens the oracular organs, and tightens the snarles of the drums in the ears."

"But what is the use of so big a one?" continued Ike, with the curious spirit of the boy. It was a momentary poser, but she rose above it, like a man over his accidents.

"I suppose," she replied, looking upon him urbanely—"I suppose that it is to hear the big organ with."

Curiosity was satisfied, and both passed on.

A LETTER was dropped in the Post-Office the other day, and addressed as follows:

Hill  
Massachusetts.  
After a good deal of study one of the clerks managed to make out that it was intended for A. Und-rhill, Andover, Massachusetts. Does the reader see the point?—*Corning Star*.

#### A SUBSTANTIAL HOLIDAY GIFT.

Any first-class Sewing Machine is good for a gift, and possesses a certain value; but we recommend the GROVER & BAKER, because it is the best; because it accomplishes the most and the best work with the least trouble; because the peculiar stitch is the most durable, as well as the most beautiful; because it is the only one adapted to all kinds of work, and every variety of material; because it is more simple, more easily understood than others, and requires no delay in rewinding, fastening, and the like.

There are many other reasons which we could give, but these will suffice with the crowning one; that it never fails to give the most entire and perfect satisfaction. Santa Claus bearing such a gift would be worth, indeed, a hearty welcome.—*New York Independent*.

We should not suffer from a Cough, which a few doses of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL will cure. Time, comfort, health, are all saved by it.

#### Barnum & Van Amburgh's Museum and Menagerie Combination.

Broadway, between Spring and Prince streets.

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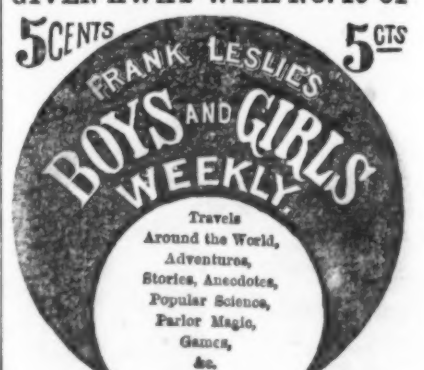
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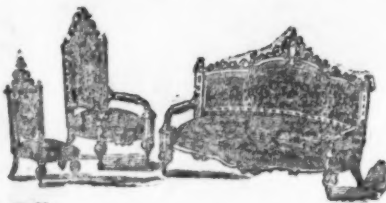
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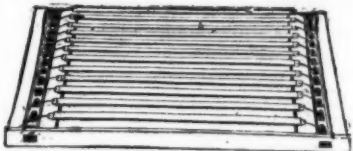
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